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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Say, human Seraph! whence that charming force,
That flame, that ſoul, which animates each line,
And how it runs with ſuch a graceful eaſe,
Loaded with pond'rous ſenſe?——We are here told,
When life its narrow round of years hath roll'd,
What 't is employs the bleſs'd, what makes their bliſs;
Songs ſuch as WATTS's are, and love like his. GROVE.

Sov'reign of Sacred Verſe! accept the lays
Of a young bard that dares attempt thy praiſe.——
No vulgar themes thy pious Muſe engage,
No ſcenes of luſt pollute thy ſacred page:
You in majeſtick numbers mount the ſkies,
And meet deſcending angels as you riſe,
Whoſe juſt applauſes charm the crowded groves,
And Addiſon thy tuneful ſong approves.
Soft harmony and manly vigour join
To form the beauties of each ſprightly line,
For ev'ry grace of ev'ry Muſe is thine. BRITANNICUS.

VOL. VI.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1782.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

VOL. VI.

CONTAINING HIS

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Poems chiefly of the Lyrick kind, ſacred

I. *TO DEVOTION AND PIETY.*
II. *TO VIRTUE, HONOUR, AND FRIENDSHIP.*
III. *TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.*

Ἀθάνατον μὲν πρῶτα Θεὸν, νόμῳ ὡς διάκειται,
Τίμα, (χ σέβυ αὐτὸν) ἔπειθ' Ἥρωας ἀγαύυς,
Τύς τε Καταχθονίυς. *Pythag. Aur. Car.*

———*Si non* Uranie *Lyram*
Cæleſtum cohibet, nec Polyhymnia
Humanum refugit tendere Barbiton. Hor. Od. I. imitat.

Hail, heav'n-born Muſe! that with celeſtial flame
And high ſeraphick numbers durſt attempt
To gain thy native ſkies.——With thought ſublime
And high ſonorous words thou ſweetly ſing'ſt
To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd we view
The tow'ring height ſtupendous, while thou ſoar'ſt
Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,
Hymning th' Eternal Father. STANDEN.

Seraphick heights I ſeem to gain
And ſacred tranſports feel
While WATTS! to thy celeſtial ſtrain
Surpris'd I liſten ſtill.

The gliding ſtreams their courſe forbear
When I thy lays repeat,
The bending foreſt lends an ear,
The birds their notes forget. PHILOMELA.

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HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK II.

SACRED TO VIRTUE, HONOUR, AND FRIENDSHIP.

To her Majesty.

QUEEN of the northern world, whose gentle sway
Commands our love and charms our hearts to obey,
Forgive the nation's groan when William dy'd:
Lo, at thy feet, in all the loyal pride
Of blooming joy, three happy realms appear,
And William's urn almost without a tear
Stands nor complains, while from thy gracious tongue
Peace flows in silver streams amidst the throng.
Amazing balm that on those lips was found
To sooth the torment of that mortal wound,
And calm the wild affright! The terrour dies,
The bleeding wound cements, the danger flies,
And Albion shouts thine honours as her joys arise.
The German Eagle feels her guardian dead,
Not her own thunder cub secure her head;
Her trembling Eaglets hasten from afar,
And Belgia's Lion dreads the Gallick war;
All hide behind thy shield. Remoter lands,
Whose lives lay trusted in Nassauvian hands,
Transfer their souls, and live secure; they play
In thy mild rays and love the growing day.

Thy beamy wing at once defends and warms
Fainting Religion, whilſt in various forms
Fair Piety ſhines thro' the Britiſh iſles.
Here at thy ſide and in thy kindeſt ſmiles *
Blazing in ornamental gold ſhe ſtands
To bleſs thy councils and aſſiſt thy hands,
And crowds wait round her to receive commands:
There at a humble diſtance from the throne †
Beauteous ſhe lies, her luſtre all her own,
Ungarniſh'd, yet not bluſhing nor afraid,
Nor knows ſuſpicion nor affects the ſhade:
Cheerful and pleas'd, ſhe not preſumes to ſhare
In thy parental gifts but owns thy guardian care.
For thee, dear Sov'reign! endleſs vows ariſe,
And Zeal with earthly wing ſalutes the ſkies
To gain thy ſafety: here a ſolemn form *
Of ancient words keeps the devotion warm,
And guides but bounds our wiſhes: there the mind †
Feels its own fire, and kindles unconfin'd
With bolder hopes; yet ſtill beyond our vows
Thy lovely glories riſe, thy ſpreading terrour grows.
Princeſs! the world already owns thy name;
Go mount the chariot of immortal Fame,
Nor die to be renown'd: Fame's loudeſt breath
Too dear is purchas'd by an angel's death.

* The eſtabliſhed church of England. * Ibid.
† The Proteſtant Diſſenters. † Ibid.

The vengeance of thy rod with gen'ral joy
Shall scourge rebellion and the rival boy *;
Thy sounding arms his Gallick patron hears,
And speeds his flight, not overtakes his fears
Till hard despair wring from the tyrant's soul
The iron tears out. Let thy frown control
Our angry jars at home till Wrath submit
Her impious banners to thy sacred feet;
Mad Zeal and Phrenzy with their murd'rous train
Fly these sweet realms in thine auspicious reign,
Envy expire in rage, and Treason bite the chain.

Let no black flame affright fair Albion's stage;
Thy thread of life prolong our Golden Age;
Long bless the earth, and late ascend thy throne
Ethereal; (not thy deeds are there unknown
Nor there unsung; for by thy awful hands
Heav'n rules the waves and thunders o'er the lands,
Creates inferiour kings †, and gives them their
commands.)
Legions attend thee at the radiant gates:
For thee thy sister-seraph, bless'd Maria, waits.

But oh! the parting stroke! some heav'nly pow'r
Cheer thy sad Britons in the gloomy hour;

* The Pretender.

† She made Charles the Emperour's second son King of Spain, who is now Emperour of Germany.

Some new propitious ſtar appear on high,
The faireſt glory of the weſtern ſky,
And Anna be its name, with gentle ſway
To check the planets of malignant ray,
Sooth the rude north wind and the rugged Bear,
Calm riſing wars, heal the contagious air,
And reign with peaceful influence to the ſouthern ſphere *!

Palinodia.

BRITONS! forgive the forward Muſe
That dar'd prophetick ſeals to looſe,
(Unſkill'd in Fate's eternal book)
And the deep characters miſtook.
George is the name, that glorious ſtar;
Ye ſaw his ſplendours beaming far;

* *Note.* This poem was written in the year 1705, in that honourable part of the reign of our late Queen when ſhe had broke the French power at Blenheim, aſſerted the right of Charles the preſent Emperour to the Crown of Spain, exerted her zeal for the Proteſtant ſucceſſion, and promiſed inviolably to maintain the toleration to the Proteſtant Diſſenters. Thus ſhe appeared the chief ſupport of the Reformation, and the patroneſs of the liberties of Europe.

The latter part of her reign was of a different colour, and was by no means attended with the accompliſhment of thoſe glorious hopes which we had conceived. Now the Muſe cannot ſatisfy herſelf to publiſh this new edition without acknowledging the miſtake of her former preſages, and while ſhe does the world this juſtice ſhe does herſelf the honour of a voluntary retractation.

Auguſt 1. 1721.

Saw in the east your joys arise,
When Anna sunk in western skies,
Streaking the heav'ns with crimson gloom,
Emblems of tyranny and Rome,
Portending blood and night to come.
'Twas George diffus'd a vital ray
And gave the dying nations day;
His influence sooths the Russian Bear,
Calms rising wars and heals the air;
Join'd with the sun his beams are hurl'd
To scatter blessings round the world,
Fulfil whate'er the Muse has spoke,
And crown the work that Anne forsook.

August 1. 1721.

To John Locke, Esq. retired from business.

I.

Angels are made of heav'nly things,
And light and love our souls compose,
Their bliss within their bosom springs,
Within their bosom flows;
But narrow minds still make pretence
To search the coasts of flesh and sense
And fetch diviner pleasures thence.
Men are akin t' ethereal forms,
But they belie their nobler birth,
Debase their honour down to earth,
And claim a share with worms.

II.

He that has treaſures of his own
May leave the cottage or the throne,
May quit the globe, and dwell alone
Within his ſpacious mind.
Locke hath a ſoul wide as the ſea,
Calm as the night, bright as the day,
There may his vaſt ideas play,
Nor feel a thought confin'd.

To John Shute, Eſq. (now Lord Barrington) on Mr. Locke's dangerous ſickneſs, ſome time after he had retired to ſtudy the Scriptures. June 1704.

I.

And muſt the man of wondrous mind
(Now his rich thoughts are juſt refin'd)
Forſake our longing eyes?
Reaſon at length ſubmits to wear
The wings of Faith, and lo, they rear
Her chariot high, and nobly bear
Her Prophet to the ſkies!

II.

Go, friend, and wait the Prophet's flight,
Watch if his mantle chance to light,
And ſeize it for thy own;
Shute is the darling of his years,
Young Shute his better likeneſs bears,
All but his wrinkles and his hairs
Are copy'd in his ſon.

Thus when our follies or our faults
Call for the pity of thy thoughts
Thy pen ſhall make us wiſe,
The ſallies of whoſe youthful wit
Could pierce the Britiſh fogs with light,
Place our true int'reſt * in our ſight,
And open half our eyes.

To Mr. William Nokes.

Friendſhip, 1702.

FRIENDSHIP, thou charmer of the mind,
Thou ſweet deluding ill!
The brighteſt minute mortals find
And ſharpeſt hours we feel.

2. Fate has divided all our ſhares
Of pleaſure and of pain,
In love the comforts and the cares
Are mix'd and join'd again.

3. But whilſt in floods our ſorrow rolls,
And drops of joy are few,
This dear delight of mingling ſouls
Serves but to ſwell our woe.

4. Oh! why ſhould bliſs depart in haſte
And friendſhip ſtay to moan?
Why the fond paſſion cling ſo faſt
When ev'ry joy is gone?

* The intereſt of England, written by J. S. Eſq.

5. Yet never let our hearts divide
Nor death diſſolve the chain,
For Love and Joy were once ally'd,
And muſt be join'd again.

To Nathanael Gould, Eſq. now Sir Nathanael Gould, 1704.

I.

'Tis not by ſplendour or by ſtate,
Exalted mien or lofty gait,
My Muſe takes meaſure of a king:
If wealth, or height, or bulk, will do,
She calls each mountain of Peru
A more majeſtick thing.
Frown on me, friend, if e'er I boaſt
O'er fellow-minds enſlav'd in clay,
Or ſwell when I ſhall have engroſt
A larger heap of ſhining duſt,
And wear a bigger load of earth than they.
Let the vain world ſalute me loud,
My thoughts look inward, and forget
The ſounding names of high and great,
The flatt'ries of the crowd.

II.

When Gould commands his ſhips to run
And ſearch the traffick of the ſea,
His fleet o'ertakes the falling day
And bears the weſtern mines away,
Or richer ſpices from the riſing ſun,

While the glad tenants of the ſhore
Shout and pronounce him ſenator*,
Yet ſtill the man's the ſame;
For well the happy merchant knows
The ſoul with treaſure never grows
Nor ſwells with airy fame.

III.

But truſt me, Gould, 'tis lawful pride
To riſe above the mean controul
Of fleſh and ſenſe, to which we're ty'd;
This is ambition that becomes a ſoul.
We ſteer our courſe up thro' the ſkies,
Farewell this barren land;
We ken the heav'nly ſhore with longing eyes,
There the dear wealth of ſpirits lies
And beck'ning angels ſtand.

To Dr. Thomas Gibſon.

The life of ſouls, 1704.

I.

SWIFT as the ſun revolves the day
We haſten to the dead,
Slaves to the wind we puff away
And to the ground we tread.

* Member of Parliament for a port in Suſſex.

'Tis air, that lends us life when first
The vital bellows heave;
Our flesh we borrow of the dust;
And when a mother's care has nurs'd
The babe to manly size we must
With usury pay the grave.

II.

Rich julaps drawn from precious ore
Still tend the dying flame,
And plants and roots of barb'rous name
Torn from the Indian shore
Thus we support our tott'ring flesh,
Our cheeks resume the rose afresh,
When bark and steel play well their game
To save our sinking breath,
And Gibson with his awful pow'r
Rescues the poor precarious hour
From the demands of Death.

III.

But art and nature, pow'rs and charms,
And drugs, and recipes, and forms,
Yield us at last to greedy worms
A despicable prey.
I'd have a life to call my own,
That shall depend on Heav'n alone,
Nor air, nor earth, nor sea,
Mix their base essences with mine,
Nor claim dominion so divine
To give me leave to be,

IV.

Sure there 's a mind within that reigns
O'er the dull current of my veins;
I feel the inward pulse beat high
With vig'rous immortality.
Let earth resume the flesh it gave
And breath dissolve amongst the winds;
Gibson! the things that fear a grave,
That I can lose or you can save,
Are not akin to minds.

V.

We claim acquaintance with the skies,
Upward our spirits hourly rise,
And there our thoughts employ;
When Heav'n shall sign our grand release,
We are no strangers to the place,
The bus'ness or the joy.

False greatness.

I.

Mylo, forbear to call him blest
That only boasts a large estate;
Should all the treasures of the west
Meet and conspire to make him great,
I know thy better thoughts, I know
Thy reason, cann't descend so low.

Let a broad ſtream with golden ſands
Thro' all his meadows roll,
He 's but a wretch with all his lands
That wears a narrow ſoul.

II.

He ſwells amidſt his wealthy ſtore,
And proudly poizing what he weighs
In his own ſcale he fondly lays
Huge heaps of ſhining ore:
He ſpreads the balance wide to hold
His manors and his farms,
And cheats the beam with loads of gold
He hugs between his arms.
So might the ploughboy climb a tree
When Crœſus mounts his throne,
And both ſtand up and ſmile to ſee
How long their ſhadow 's grown:
Alas! how vain their fancies be
To think that ſhape their own!

III.

Thus mingled ſtill with wealth and ſtate
Crœſus himſelf can never know;
His true dimenſions and his weight
Are far inferiour to their ſhow.
Were I ſo tall to reach the pole,
Or graſp the ocean with my ſpan,
I muſt be meaſur'd by my ſoul:
The mind 's the ſtandard of the man.

To Sariſſa. An epiſtle.

Bear up, Sariſſa, thro' the ruffling ſtorms
Of a vain vexing world; tread down the cares,
Thoſe rugged thorns that lie acroſs the road,
Nor ſpend a tear upon them. Truſt the Muſe,
She ſings experienc'd truth: this briny dew,
This rain of eyes, will make the briers grow.
We travel thro' a deſert, and our feet
Have meaſur'd a fair ſpace, have left behind
A thouſand dangers and a thouſand ſnares
Well ſcap'd. Adieu ye horrours of the dark,
Ye finiſh'd labours and ye tedious toils
Of days and hours: the twinge of real ſmart
And the falſe terrours of illboding dreams
Vaniſh together; be alike forgot,
For ever blended in one common grave.
Farewell ye waxing and ye waning moons
That we have watch'd behind the flying clouds
On night's dark hill or ſetting or aſcending,
Or in meridian height: then ſilence reign'd
O'er half the world, then ye beheld our tears,
Ye witneſs'd our complaints, our kindred groans,
(Sad harmony!) while with your beamy horns
Or richer orb ye ſilver'd o'er the green
Where trod our feet, and lent a feeble light
To mourners. Now ye have fulfill'd your round
Thoſe hours are fled. Farewell months that are gone

Are gone for ever, and have borne away
Each his own load. Our woes and sorrows past,
Mountainous woes! still lessen as they fly
Far off. So billows in a stormy sea,
Wave after wave (a long succession) roll
Beyond the ken of sight; the sailors safe
Look far astern till they have lost the storm,
And shout their boist'rous joys. A gentler Muse
Sings thy dear safety, and commands thy cares
To dark oblivion, bury'd deep in night;
Lose them Sariffa, and assist my song.
Awake thy voice, sing how the slender line
Of Fate's immortal Now divides the past
From all the future with eternal bars,
Forbidding a return. The past temptations
No more shall vex us; ev'ry grief we feel
Shortens the destin'd number, ev'ry pulse
Beats a sharp moment of the pain away,
And the last stroke will come. By swift degrees
Time sweeps us off, and we shall soon arrive
At life's sweet period. O celestial point
That ends this mortal story!

But if a glimpse of light with flatt'ring ray
Breaks thro' the clouds of life, or wand'ring fire
Amidst the shades invite your doubtful feet,
Beware the dancing meteor, faithless guide
That leads the lonesome pilgrim wide astray
To bogs, and fens, and pits, and certain death!

Should vicious Pleasure take an angel form,
And at a distance rise by slow degrees,
Treach'rous to wind herself into your heart,
Stand firm aloof, nor let the gaudy phantom
Too long allure your gaze: the just delight
That Heav'n indulges lawful must obey
Superiour pow'rs, nor tempt your thoughts too far
In slavery to sense, nor swell your hope
To dang'rous size: if it approach your feet
And court your hand forbid th' intruding joy
To sit too near your heart; still may our souls
Claim kindred with the skies, nor mix with dust
Our better born affections; leave the globe,
A nest for worms, and hasten to our home.
O! there are gardens of th' immortal kind
That crown the heav'nly Eden's rising hills
With beauty and with sweets; no lurking mischief
Dwells in the fruit, nor serpent twines the boughs;
The branches bend laden with life and bliss,
Ripe for the taste, but 't is a steep ascent:
Hold fast the golden chain * let down from heav'n,
'Twill help your feet and wings: I feel its force
Draw upwards; fasten'd to the pearly gate
It guides the way unerring; happy clue
Thro' this dark wild! 'Twas Wisdom's noblest work
All join'd by Pow'r divine, and ev'ry link is love.

* The gospel.

To Mr. T. Bradbury,
Paradise, 1708.

I.

YOUNG as I am I quit the stage,
Nor will I know th' applauses of the age;
Farewell to growing fame. I leave below
A life not half worn out with cares
Or agonies or years;
I leave my country all in tears,
But Heav'n demands me upward, and I dare to go.
Amongst ye, friends, divide and share
The remnant of my days,
If ye have patience, and can bear
A long fatigue of life, and drudge thro' all the race.

II.

Hark! my fair guardian chides my stay
And waves his golden rod;
"Angel, I come, lead on the way."
And now by swift degrees
I sail aloft thro' azure seas,
Now tread the Milky road.
Farewell ye planets in your spheres,
And as the stars are lost a brighter sky appears,
In haste for Paradise
I stretch the pinions of a bolder thought;
Scarce had I will'd but I was past
Deserts of trackless light and all th' ethereal waste,
And to the sacred borders brought;

There on the wing a guard of cherubs lies,
Each waves a keen flame as he flies,
And well defends the walls from sieges and surprise.

With pleasing rev'rence I behold
The pearly portals wide unfold:
Enter, my soul! and view th' amazing scenes;
Sit fast upon the flying Muse,
And let thy roving wonder loose
O'er all th' empyreal plains.
Noon stands eternal here; here may thy sight
Drink in the rays of primogenial light,
Here breathe immortal air:
Joy must beat high in ev'ry vein;
Pleasure thro' all thy bosom reign,
The laws forbid the stranger pain,
And banish ev'ry care.

IV.

See how the bubbling springs of love
Beneath the throne arise!
The streams in crystal channels move,
Around the golden streets they rove,
And bless the mansions of the upper skies.
There a fair grove of knowledge grows,
Nor sin nor death infects the fruit,
Young life hangs fresh on all the boughs
And springs from ev'ry root:

Here may thy greedy ſenſes feaſt
While ecſtaſy and health attends on ev'ry taſte.
With the fair proſpect charm'd I ſtood,
Fearleſs I feed on the delicious fare,
And drink profuſe ſalvation from the ſilver flood,
Nor can exceſs be there.

V.

In ſacred order rang'd along
Saints, new releas'd by death,
Join the bold ſeraphs' warbling breath,
And aid th' immortal ſong:
Each has a voice that tunes his ſtrings
To mighty ſounds and mighty things,
Things of everlaſting weight,
Sounds like the ſofter viol ſweet,
And like the trumpet ſtrong.
Divine attention held my ſoul;
I was all ear;
Thro' all my pow'rs the heav'nly accents roll:
I long'd and wiſh'd my Bradb'ry there:
"Could he but hear theſe notes," I ſaid,
"His tuneful ſoul would never bear
"The dull unwinding of life's tedious thread,
"But burſt the vital chords to reach the happy dead."

VI.

And now my tongue prepares to join
The harmony, and with a noble aim
Attempts th' unutterable Name,
But faints, confounded by the notes divine.

Again my ſoul th' unequal honour ſought,
Again her utmoſt force ſhe brought,
And bow'd beneath the burden of th' unwieldy thought.
Thrice I eſſay'd and fainted thrice;
Th' immortal labour ſtrain'd my feeble frame,
Broke the bright viſion and diſſolv'd the dream;
I ſunk at once and loſt the ſkies:
In vain I ſought the ſcenes of light,
Rolling abroad my longing eyes,
For all around 'em ſtood my curtains and the night.

Strict religion very rare.

I.

I 'm borne aloft and leave the crowd,
I ſail upon a morning cloud
Skirted with dawning gold;
Mine eyes beneath the op'ning day
Command the globe with wide ſurvey,
Where ants in buſy millions play
And tug and heave the mould.

II.

" Are theſe the things," my Paſſion cry'd,
" That we call Men? are theſe ally'd
" To the fair worlds of light?
" They 'ave raſed out their Maker's name
" Grav'n on their minds with painted flame
" In ſtrokes divinely bright.

III.

"Wretches! they hate their native skies;
"If an ethereal thought arise
"Or spark of virtue shine,
"With cruel force they damp its plumes,
"Choke the young fire with sensual fumes,
"With bus'ness, lust, or wine.

IV.

"Lo! how they throng with panting breath
"The broad descending road
"That leads unerring down to death,
"Nor miss the dark abode."
Thus while I drop a tear or two
On the wild herd, a noble few
Dare to stray upward and pursue
Th' unbeaten way to God.

V.

I meet Myrtillo mounting high,
I know his candid soul afar;
Here Dorylus and Thyrsis fly,
Each like a rising star;
Charin I saw and Fidea there,
I saw them help each other's flight,
And bless them as they go;
They soar beyond my lab'ring sight,
And leave their loads of mortal care,
But not their love below.

On heav'n, their home, they fix their eyes,
The temple of their God;
With morning incenſe up they riſe
Sublime, and thro' the lower ſkies
Spread the perfumes abroad.

VI.

Acroſs the road a ſeraph flew;
"Mark," ſaid he, "that happy pair,
"Marriage helps devotion there;
"When kindred minds their God purſue
"They break with double vigour thro'
"The dull incumbent air."
Charm'd with the pleaſure and ſurpriſe
My ſoul adores, and ſings
"Bleſs'd be the Pow'r that ſprings their flight,
"That ſtreaks their path with heav'nly light,
"That turns their love to ſacrifice,
"And joins their zeal forwings!"

To Mr. C. and S. Fleetwood.

I.

Fleetwoods, young gen'rous pair!
Deſpiſe the joys that fools purſue;
Bubbles are light and brittle too,
Born of the water and the air,
Try'd by a ſtandard bold and juſt,
Honour, and gold, and paint, and duſt,
How vile the laſt is, and as vain the firſt!

Things that the crowd call great and brave
With me how low their value's brought!
Titles and names, and life and breath,
Slaves to the wind, and born for death
The soul's the only thing we have
Worth an important thought.

II.

The soul't is of th' immortal kind,
Nor form'd of fire, or earth, or wind,
Outlives the mould'ring corpse, and leaves the globe
In limbs of clay tho' she appears, [behind.
Array'd in rosy skin and deck'd with ears and eyes,
The flesh is but the soul's disguise;
There's nothing in her frame kin to the dress she
From all the laws of matter free, [wears:
From all we feel and all we see,
She stands eternally distinct, and must for ever be.

III.

Rise then my thoughts on high,
Soar beyond all that's made to die:
Lo! on an awful throne
Sits the Creator and the Judge of souls,
Whirling the planets round the poles, [on.
Winds off our threads of life, and brings our periods
Swift the approach and solemn is the day
When this immortal mind,
Stript of the body's coarse array,
To endless pain or endless joy
Must be at once consign'd.

IV.

Think of the ſands run down to waſte;
We poſſeſs none of all the paſt;
None but the preſent is our own:
Grace is not plac'd within our pow'r,
'Tis but one ſhort one ſhining hour,
Bright and declining as a ſetting ſun:
See the white minutes wing'd with haſte;
The Now that flies may be the laſt:
Seize the ſalvation ere 'tis paſt,
Nor mourn the bleſſing gone:
A thought's delay is ruin here;
A cloſing eye, a gaſping breath,
Shuts up the golden ſcene in death,
And drowns you in deſpair.

To William Blackbourn, Eſq.

Caſimire, lib. ii. *ode* 2. *imitated.*

Quae tegit canas modo Bruma valles, *&c.*

Mark how it ſnows! how faſt the valley fills!
And the ſweet groves the hoary garment wear,
Yet the warm ſunbeams bounding from the hills
Shall melt the veil away and the young green appear.

2. But when old age has on your temples ſhed
Her ſilver froſt there 's no returning ſun;

Swift flies our autumn, swift our summer's fled,
When youth, and love, and spring, and golden joys,
are gone.

3. Then cold and winter and your aged snow
Stick fast upon you: not the rich array,
Not the green garland nor the rosy bough,
Shall cancel or conceal the melancholy gray.

4. The chase of pleasures is not worth the pains
While the bright sands of health run wasting down,
And honour calls you from the softer scenes
To sell the gaudy hour for ages of renown.

5. 'Tis but one youth, and short, that mortals have,
And one old age dissolves our feeble frame;
But there's a heav'nly art t' elude the grave,
And with the hero race immortal kindred claim.

6. The man that has his country's sacred tears
Bedewing his cold hearse has liv'd his day:
Thus, Blackbourn! we should leave our names our heirs;
Old Time and waning moons sweep all the rest
away.

True monarchy, 1701.

The rising year beheld th' imperious Gaul
Stretch his dominion, while a hundred towns
Crouch'd to the victor; but a steady soul
Stands firm on its own base, and reigns as wide
As absolute, and sways ten thousand slaves,
Lusts and wild fancies, with a sov'reign hand.

We are a little kingdom; but the man
That chains his rebel will to Reason's throne
Forms it a large one, whilst his royal mind
Makes Heav'n its counsel, from the rolls above
Draws his own statutes, and with joy obeys.
'Tis not a troop of wellappointed guards
Create a monarch, not a purple robe
Dy'd in the people's blood, not all the crowns
Or dazzling tiars that bend about the head,
Tho' gilt with sunbeams and set round with stars.
A monarch he that conquers all his fears
And treads upon them; when he stands alone
Makes his own camp; four guardian Virtues wait
His nightly slumbers and secure his dreams.
Now dawns the light, he ranges all his thoughts
In square battalions, bold to meet th' attacks
Of time and chance, himself a num'rous host,
All eye, all ear, all wakeful as the day,
Firm as a rock, and moveless as the centre.
In vain the harlot Pleasure spreads her charms
To lull his thoughts in Luxury's fair lap
To sensual ease; (the bane of little kings,
Monarchs whose waxen images of souls
Are moulded into softness) still his mind
Wears its own shape, nor can the heav'nly form
Stoop to be modell'd by the wild decrees
Of the mad vulgar, that unthinking herd.

He lives above the crowd, nor hears the noiſe
Of wars and triumphs, nor regards the ſhouts
Of popular applauſe, that empty ſound,
Nor feels the flying arrows of reproach,
Or ſpite or envy; in himſelf ſecure,
Wiſdom his tow'r, and conſcience is his ſhield,
His peace all inward, and his joys his own.

Now my ambition ſwells, my wiſhes ſoar,
This be my kingdom: ſit above the globe
My riſing ſoul! and dreſs thyſelf around,
And ſhine in Virtue's armour, climb the height
Of Wiſdom's lofty caſtle, there reſide
Safe from the ſmiling and the frowning world.

Yet once a-day drop down a gentle look
On the great molehill, and with pitying eye
Survey the buſy emmets round the heap,
Crowding and buſtling in a thouſand forms
Of ſtrife and toil to purchaſe wealth and fame,
A bubble or a duſt; then call thy thoughts
Up to thyſelf to feed on joys unknown,
Rich without gold and great without renown.

True courage.

Honour demands my ſong: forget the ground
My gen'rous Muſe, and ſit amongſt the ſtars,
There ſing the ſoul that conſcious of her birth
Lives like a native of the vital world

Amongſt theſe dying clods, and bears her ſtate
Juſt to herſelf: how nobly ſhe maintains
Her character ſuperiour to the fleſh!
She wields her paſſions like her limbs, and knows
The brutal pow'rs were only born t' obey.
This is the man whom ſtorms could never make
Meanly complain, nor can a flatt'ring gale
Make him talk proudly: he hath no deſire
To read his ſecret fate; yet, unconcern'd
And calm, could meet his unborn deſtiny
In all its charming or its frightful ſhapes.
He that unſhrinking and without a groan
Bears the firſt wound may finiſh all the war
With mere courageous ſilence, and come off
Conq'ror; for the man that well conceals
The heavy ſtrokes of Fate he bears 'em well.
He tho' th' Atlantick and the midland ſeas
With adverſe ſurges meet and riſe on high,
Suſpended 'twixt the winds, then ruſh amain
Mingled with flames upon his ſingle head,
And clouds, and ſtars, and thunder, firm he ſtands,
Secure of his beſt life, unhurt, unmov'd,
And drops his lower nature, born for death;
Then from the lofty caſtle of his mind
Sublime looks down exulting, and ſurveys
The ruins of creation; (ſouls alone
Are heirs of dying worlds) a piercing glance
Shoots upwards from between his cloſing lids

To reach his birthplace, and without a sigh
He bids his batter'd flesh lie gently down
Amongst its native rubbish, whilst the spirit
Breathes and flies upward, an undoubted guest
Of the third heav'n, th' unruinable sky.
Thither when Fate has brought our willing souls,
No matter whether 'twas a sharp disease
Or a sharp sword that help'd the travellers on
And push'd us to our home, bear up my friend
Serenely, and break thro' the stormy brine
With steady prow: know we shall once arrive
At the fair haven of eternal bliss
To which we ever steer, whether as kings
Of wide command we have spread the spacious sea
With a broad painted fleet, or row'd along
In a thin cockboat with a little oar.
There let my native plank shift me to land
And I'll be happy: thus I'll leap ashore,
Joyful and fearless, on th' immortal coast,
Since all I leave is mortal, and it must be lost.

To the much honoured Mr. Thomas Rowe, the director of my youthful studies.

Free philosophy.

I.

Custom, that tyranness of fools,
That leads the learned round the schools
In magick chains of forms and rules!
My Genius storms her throne:

No more, ye ſlaves, with awe profound
Beat the dull track nor dance the round;
Looſe hands, and quit th' enchanted ground;
Knowledge invites us each alone.

II.

I hate theſe ſhackles of the mind
Forg'd by the haughty wife;
Souls were not born to be confin'd,
And led like Samſon blind and bound,
But when his native ſtrength he found
He well aveng'd his eyes.
I love thy gentle influence Rowe;
Thy gentle influence, like the ſun,
Only diſſolves the frozen ſnow,
Then bids our thoughts like rivers flow
And chuſe the channels where they run.

III.

Thoughts ſhould be free as fire or wind;
The pinions of a ſingle mind
Will thro' all Nature fly;
But who can drag up to the poles
Long fetter'd ranks of laden ſouls?
A genius which no chain controls
Roves with delight or deep or high;
Swift I ſurvey the globe around,
Dive to the centre thro' the ſolid ground,
Or travel o'er the ſky.

To the Reverend Mr. Benoni Rowe.

The way of the multitude.

I.

ROWE! if we make the crowd our guide
Thro' life's uncertain road
Mean is the chase, and wand'ring wide
We miss th' immortal good;
Yet if my thoughts could be confin'd
To follow any leader mind
I'd mark thy steps and tread the same;
Dress'd in thy notions I'd appear
Not like a soul of mortal frame
Nor with a vulgar air.

II.

Men live at random and by chance;
Bright Reason never leads the dance:
Whilst in the broad and beaten way
O'er dales and hills from truth we stray
To ruin we descend, to ruin we advance.
Wisdom retires; she hates the crowd,
And with a decent scorn
Aloof she climbs her steepy seat,
Where nor the grave nor giddy feet
Of the learn'd vulgar or the rude
Have e'er a passage worn.

III.

Mere Hazard first began the track,
Where Custom leads her thousands blind
In willing chains and strong;
There's scarce one bold one noble mind
Dares tread the fatal errour back,
But hand in hand ourselves we bind
And drag the age along.

IV.

Mortals, a savage herd and loud
As billows on a noisy flood
In rapid order roll;
Example makes the mischief good;
With jocund heel we beat the road,
Unheedful of the goal.
Me let Ithuriel's * friendly wing
Snatch from the crowd, and bear sublime
To Wisdom's lofty tow'r,
Thence to survey that wretched thing
Mankind, and in exalted thyme
Bless the deliv'ring Pow'r.

To the Reverend Mr. John Howe, 1704.

I.

Great Man! permit the Muse to climb
And seat her at thy feet,
Bid her attempt a thought sublime
And consecrate her wit.

* Ithuriel is the name of an angel in Milton's Paradise Lost.

I feel I feel th' attractive force
Of thy superiour soul;
My chariot flies her upward course,
The wheels divinely roll.
Now let me chide the mean affairs
And mighty toil of men,
How they grow gray in trifling cares
Or waste the motions of the spheres
Upon delights as vain!

II.

A puff of honour fills the mind,
And yellow dust is solid good;
Thus like the ass of savage kind
We snuff the breezes of the wind
Or steal the serpent's food.
Could all the choirs
That charm the poles
But strike one dolceful sound
'Twould be employ'd to mourn our souls,
Souls that were fram'd of sprightly fires
In floods of folly drown'd:
Souls made of glory seek a brutal joy;
How they disclaim their heav'nly birth,
Melt their bright substance down with drossy earth,
And hate to be refin'd from that impure alloy!

III.

Oft' has thy genius rous'd us hence
With elevated song,

Bid us renounce this world of ſenſe,
Bid us divide th' immortal prize
With the ſeraphick throng;
"Knowledge and love make ſpirits bleſt,
"Knowledge their food and love their reſt;"
But fleſh, th' unmanageable beaſt,
Reſiſts the pity of thine eyes
And muſick of thy tongue.
Then let the worms of grov'ling mind
Round the ſhort joys of earthly kind
In reſtleſs windings roam:
Howe hath an ample orb of ſoul
Where ſhining worlds of knowledge roll,
Where love, the centre and the pole,
Completes the heav'n at home.

The diſappointment and relief.

II.

Virtue, permit my fancy to impoſe
Upon my better pow'rs;
She caſts ſweet fallacies on half our woes
And gilds the gloomy hours.
How cou'd we bear this tedious round
Of waning moons and rolling years,
Of flaming hopes and chilling fears,
If where no ſov'reign cure appears
No opiates could be found?

II.

Love, the moſt cordial ſtream that flows,
Is a deceitful good:
Young Doris, who nor guilt nor danger knows,
On the green margin ſtood,
Pleas'd with the golden bubbles as they roſe,
And with more golden ſands her fancy pav'd the flood;
Then fond to be entirely bleſt,
And tempted by a faithleſs youth
As void of goodneſs as of truth,
She plunges in with heedleſs haſte
And rears the nether mud:
Darkneſs and nauſeous dregs ariſe
O'er thy fair current Love, with large ſupplies
Of pain to teaſe the heart and ſorrow for the eyes.
The golden bliſs that charm'd her ſight
Is daſh'd, and drown'd, and loſt;
A ſpark or glimm'ring ſtreak at moſt
Shines here and there amidſt the night,
Amidſt the turbid waves, and gives a faint delight.

III.

Recover'd from the ſad ſurpriſe
Doris awakes at laſt,
Grown by the diſappointment wiſe,
And manages with art th' unlucky caſt:
When the low'ring frown ſhe ſpies
On her haughty tyrant's brow,
With humble love ſhe meets his wrathful eyes
And makes her ſov'reign beauty bow:

Cheerful she smiles upon her grisly form;
So shines the setting sun on adverse skies,
And paints a rainbow on the storm:
Anon she lets the sullen humour spend,
And with a virtuous book or friend
Beguiles th' uneasy hours;
Wellcolouring ev'ry cross she meets
With heart serene she sleeps and eats,
She spreads her board with fancy'd sweets,
And strows her bed with flow'rs.

The hero's school of morality.

THERON amongst his travels found
A broken statue on the ground,
And searching onward as he went
He trac'd a ruin'd monument:
Mould, moss, and shades, had overgrown
The sculpture of the crumbling stone,
Yet ere he pass'd with much ado
He gues'd and spell'd out Sci-pi-o.
"Enough," he cry'd; "I'll drudge no more
"In turning the dull Stoicks o'er:
"Let pedants waste their hours of ease
"To sweat all night at Socrates,
"And feed their boys with notes and rules,
"Those tedious recipes of schools
"To cure ambition; I can learn
"With greater ease the great concern

" Of mortals, how we may deſpiſe
" All the gay things below the ſkies.
" Methinks a mould'ring pyramid
" Says all that the old ſages ſaid:
" For me theſe ſhatter'd tombs contain
" More morals than the Vatican.
" The duſt of heroes caſt abroad,
" And kick'd and trampled in the road,
" The relicks of a lofty mind,
" That lately wars and crowns deſign'd,
" Toſs'd for a jeſt from wind to wind,
" Bid me be humble, and forbear
" Tall monuments of fame to rear,
" They are but caſtles in the air.
" The tow'ring heights and ſtrightful falls,
" The ruin'd heaps and funerals,
" Of ſmoking kingdoms and their kings,
" Tell me a thouſand mournful things
" In melancholy ſilence. ——————
" He ——————
" That living could not bear to ſee
" An equal now lies torn and dead,
" Here his pale trunk and there his head.
" Great Pompey! while I meditate
" With ſolemn horrour thy ſad fate,
" Thy carcaſs ſcatter'd on the ſhore,
" Without a name, inſtructs me more
" Than my whole library before.

" Lie ſtill my Plutarch then and ſleep,
" And my good Seneca may keep
" Your volumes clos'd for ever too,
" I have no further uſe for you;
" For when I feel my virtue fail,
" And my ambitious thoughts prevail,
" I 'll take a turn among the tombs
" And ſee whereto all glory comes;
" There the vile foot of ev'ry clown
" Tramples the ſons of Honour down,
" Beggars with awful aſhes ſport
" And tread the Cæſars in the dirt.

Freedom, 1697.

I.

TEMPT me no more; my ſoul can ne'er comport
With the gay ſlav'ries of a court;
I 'ave an averſion to thoſe charms,
And hug dear Liberty in both mine arms.
Go, vaſſal ſouls, go cringe and wait
And dance attendance at Honorio's gate,
Then run in troops before him to compoſe his ſtate;
Move as he moves, and when he loiters ſtand;
You 're but the ſhadows of a man:
Bend when he ſpeaks and kiſs the ground;
Go catch th' impertinence of ſound,
Adore the follies of the great,
Wait till he ſmiles; but lo! the idol frown'd,
And drove them to their fate.

II.

Thus baſeborn minds; but as for me
I can and will be free:
Like a ſtrong mountain or ſome ſtately tree
My ſoul grows firm upright,
And as I ſtand and as I go
It keeps my body ſo:
No, I can never part with my creation right.
Let ſlaves and aſſes ſtoop and bow,
I cannot make this iron knee
Bend to a meaner pow'r than that which form'd it free.

III.

Thus my bold harp profuſely play'd
Pindarical, then on a branchy ſhade
I hung my harp aloft, myſelf beneath it laid;
Nature that liſten'd to my ſtrain
Reſum'd the theme and acted it again.
Sudden roſe a whirling wind
Swelling like Honorio proud,
Around the ſtraws and feathers crowd,
Types of a ſlaviſh mind;
Upwards the ſtormy forces riſe,
The duſt flies up and climbs the ſkies,
And as the tempeſt fell th' obedient vapours ſunk:
Again it roars with bellowing ſound,
The meaner plants that grew around,
The willow and the aſp, trembled and kiſs'd the ground:
Hard by there ſtood the iron trunk

Of an old oak, and all the ſtorm defy'd;
In vain the winds their forces try'd,
In vain they roar'd; the iron oak
Bow'd only to the heav'nly thunder's ſtroke.

On Mr. Locke's Annotations upon ſeveral parts of The New Teſtament, left behind him at his death.

I.

Thus reaſon learns by ſlow degrees
What faith reveals, but ſtill complains
Of intellectual pains,
And darkneſs from the too exuberant light:
The blaze of thoſe bright myſteries
Pour'd all at once on Nature's eyes
Offend and cloud her feeble ſight.

II.

Reaſon could ſcarce ſuſtain to ſee
Th' Almighty One, th' Eternal Three,
Or hear the infant Deity:
Scarce could her pride deſcend to own
Her Maker ſtooping from his throne,
And dreſs'd in glories ſo unknown:
A ranſom'd world, a bleeding God,
And Heav'n appeas'd with flowing blood,
Were themes too painful to be underſtood.

III.

Faith, thou bright cherub, ſpeak and ſay,
Did ever mind of mortal race
Coſt thee more toil or larger grace
To melt and bend it to obey?
'Twas hard to make ſo rich a ſoul ſubmit
And lay her ſhining honours at thy ſov'reign feet.

IV.

Siſter of Faith, fair Charity,
Shew me the wondrous man on high,
Tell how he ſees the Godhead Three in One;
The bright conviction fills his eye,
His nobleſt pow'rs in deep proſtration lie
At the myſterious throne:
"Forgive," he cries, "ye ſaints below,
"The wav'ring and the cold aſſent
"I gave to themes divinely true;
"Can you admit the bleſſed to repent?
"Eternal darkneſs vail the lines
"Of that unhappy book
"Where glimm'ring reaſon with falſe luſtre ſhines,
"Where the mere mortal pen miſtook
"What the celeſtial meant *.

* See Mr. Locke's Annotations on *Rom.* iii. 25. and Paraphraſe on *Rom.* ix. 5. which has inclined ſome readers to doubt whether he believed the Deity and ſatisfaction of Chriſt; therefore in the fourth ſtanza I invoke Charity, that by her help I may find him out in heaven, ſince his notes on 2 *Cor.* v. *ult.* and ſome other places, give me reaſon to believe he was no

True riches.

I Am not concern'd to know
What to-morrow Fate will do,
'Tis enough that I can ſay
I 'ave poſſeſs'd myſelf to-day:
Then if haply midnight death
Seize my fleſh and ſtop my breath,
Yet to-morrow I ſhall be
Heir to the beſt part of me.
Glitt'ring ſtones and golden things,
Wealth and honours, that have wings,
Ever flutt'ring to be gone,
I could never call my own:
Riches that the world beſtows
She can take and I can loſe,
But the treaſures that are mine
Lie afar beyond her line.
When I view my ſpacious ſoul,
And ſurvey myſelf a-whole,
And enjoy myſelf alone,
I'm a kingdom of my own.
I 'ave a mighty part within
That the world hath never ſeen,

Socinian, though he has darkened the glory of the goſpel and debaſed Chriſtianity in the book which he calls The Reaſonableneſs of it, and in ſome of his other works.

Rich as Eden's happy ground,
And with choicer plenty crown'd.
Here on all the ſhining boughs
Knowledge fair and uſeful grows;
On the ſame young flow'ry tree
All the ſeaſons you may ſee;
Notions in the bloom of light
Juſt diſcloſing to the ſight;
Here are thoughts of larger growth
Rip'ning into ſolid truth;
Fruits refin'd of noble taſte,
Seraphs feed on ſuch repaſt:
Here in a green and ſhady grove
Streams of pleaſure mix with love;
There beneath the ſmiling ſkies
Hills of contemplation riſe;
Now upon ſome ſhining top
Angels light and call me up;
I rejoice to raiſe my feet,
Both rejoice when there we meet.
There are endleſs beauties more
Earth hath no reſemblance for;
Nothing like them round the pole,
Nothing can deſcribe the ſoul:
'Tis a region half unknown
That has treaſures of its own
More remote from publick view
Than the bowels of Peru;

Broader 't is and brighter far
Than the golden Indies are;
Ships that trace the wat'ry ſtage
Cannot coaſt it in an age;
Harts or horſes ſtrong and fleet,
Had they wings to help their feet,
Could not run it half way o'er
In ten thouſand days or more.
Yet the ſilly wand'ring mind,
Loath to be too much confin'd,
Roves and takes her daily tours
Coaſting round the narrow ſhores,
Narrow ſhores of fleſh and ſenſe,
Picking ſhells and pebbles thence;
Or ſhe ſits at Fancy's door
Calling ſhapes and ſhadows t' her,
Foreign viſits ſtill receiving,
And t' herſelf a ſtranger living:
Never never would ſhe buy
Indian duſt or Tyrian dye,
Never trade abroad for more,
If ſhe ſaw her native ſtore;
If her inward worth were known
She might ever live alone.

The adventurous Muse.

I.

URANIA takes her morning flight
With an inimitable wing;
Thro' rising deluges of dawning light
She cleaves her wondrous way,
She tunes immortal anthems to the growing day,
Nor Rapin * gives her rules to fly nor Purcel † notes [to sing.

II.

She nor inquires, nor knows, nor fears,
Where lie the pointed rocks or where th' ingulfing [sand;
Climbing the liquid mountains of the skies
She meets descending angels as she flies,
Nor asks them where their country lies
Or where the seamarks stand:
Touch'd with an empyreal ray
She springs unerring upward to eternal day,
Spreads her white sails aloft, and steers
With bold and safe attempt to the celestial land,

III.

Whilst little skiffs along the mortal shores
With humble toil in order creep,
Coasting in sight of one another's oars,
Nor venture thro' the boundless deep:
Such low pretending souls are they

* A French critick. † An English master of musick.

Who dwell in enclos'd ſolid orbs of ſcull;
Plodding along their ſober way
The ſnail o'ertakes them in their wildeſt play,
While the poor lab'rers ſweat to be correctly dull.

IV.

Give me the chariot whoſe diviner wheels
Mark their own route, and unconfin'd
Bound o'er the everlaſting hills,
And loſe the clouds below and leave the ſtars behind:
Give me the Muſe whoſe gen'rous force,
Impatient of the reigns,
Purſues an unattempted courſe,
Breaks all the criticks' iron chains,
And bears to Paradiſe the raptur'd mind.

V.

There Milton dwells; the mortal ſung
Themes not preſum'd by any mortal tongue;
New terrours or new glories ſhine
In ev'ry page, and flying ſcenes divine
Surpriſe the wond'ring ſenſe and draw our ſouls along.
Behold his Muſe ſent out t' explore
The unapparent deep, where waves of chaos roar,
And realms of night unknown before.
She trac'd a glorious path unknown
Thro' fields of heav'nly war and ſeraphs overthrown,
Where his advent'rous genius led;
Sov'reign ſhe fram'd a model of her own,
Nor thank'd the living nor the dead.

The noble hater of degen'rate rhyme
Shook off the chains and built his verſe ſublime,
A monument too high for coupled ſounds to climb:
He mourn'd the garden loſt below;
(Earth is the ſcene for tuneful wo)
Now bliſs beats high in all his veins,
Now the loſt Eden he regains,
Keeps his own air and triumphs in unrivall'd ſtrains.

VI.

Immortal Bard! thus thy own Raphael ſings,
And knows no rule but native fire;
All heav'n ſits ſilent while to his ſov'reign ſtrings
He talks unutterable things;
With graces infinite his untaught fingers rove
Acroſs the golden lyre;
From ev'ry note devotion ſprings;
Rapture, and harmony, and love,
O'erſpread the liſt'ning choir.

To Mr. Nicholas Clarke.

The complaint.

I.

'Twas in a vale where oſiers grow
By murm'ring ſtreams we told our wo
And mingled all our cares;
Friendſhip ſat pleas'd in both our eyes,
In both the weeping dews ariſe,
And drop alternate tears.

II.

The vig'rous monarch of the day,
Now mounting half his morning way,
Shone with a fainter bright;
Still ſick'ning and decaying ſtill
Dimly he wander'd up the hill
With his expiring light.

III.

In dark eclipſe his chariot roll'd,
The queen of Night obſcur'd his gold
Behind her ſable wheels;
Nature grew ſad to loſe the day,
The flow'ry vales in mourning lay,
In mourning ſtood the hills.

IV.

"Such are our ſorrows, Clarke," I cry'd,
"Clouds of the brain grow black and hide
"Our darken'd ſouls behind;
"In the young morning of our years
"Diſtemp'ring fogs have climb'd the ſpheres
"And choke the lab'ring mind.

V.

"Lo, the gay planet rears his head
"And overlooks the lofty ſhade,
"New-bright'ning all the ſkies:
"But ſay, dear partner of my moan,
"When will our long eclipſe be gone,
"Or when our ſuns ariſe?

VI.

" In vain are potent herbs apply'd,
" Harmonious ſounds in vain have try'd
" To make the darkneſs fly;
" But drugs would raiſe the dead as ſoon,
" Or clatt'ring braſs relieve the moon,
" When fainting in the ſky.

VII.

" Some friendly ſpirit from above,
" Born of the light and nurs'd with love,
" Aſſiſt our feeble fires,
" Force theſe invading glooms away;
" Souls ſhould be ſeen quite thro' their clay
" Bright as your heav'nly choirs.

VIII.

" But if the fogs muſt damp the flame,
" Gently kind Death diſſolve our frame,
" Releaſe the pris'ner mind:
" Our ſouls ſhall mount at thy diſcharge
" To their bright ſource, and ſhine at large
" Nor clouded nor confin'd."

The afflictions of a friend, 1702.

Now let my cares all bury'd lie,
My griefs for ever dumb,
Your ſorrows ſwell my heart ſo high
They leave my own no room.

2. Sickneſs and pains are quite forgot,
The ſpleen itſelf is gone;
Plung'd in your woes I feel them not,
Or feel them all in one.

3. Infinite grief puts ſenſe to flight
And all the ſoul invades;
So the broad gloom of ſpreading night
Devours the ev'ning ſhades.

4. Thus am I born to be unbleſt;
This ſympathy of wo
Drives my own tyrants from my breaſt
T' admit a foreign foe.

5. Sorrows in long ſucceſſion reign,
Their iron rod I feel;
Friendſhip has only chang'd the chain,
But I 'm the pris'ner ſtill.

6. Why was this life for mis'ry made,
Or why drawn out ſo long?
Is there no room amongſt the dead,
Or is a wretch too young?

7. Move faſter on great Nature's wheel,
Be kind ye rolling pow'rs,
Hurl my days headlong down the hill
With undiſtinguiſh'd hours.

8. Be duſky all my riſing ſuns,
Nor ſmile upon a ſlave;
Darkneſs and death make haſte at once
To hide me in the grave.

The reverſe, or, *The comforts of a friend.*

THUS Nature tun'd her mournful tongue
Till Grace lift up her head,
Revers'd the ſorrow and the ſong,
And ſmiling thus ſhe ſaid :
2. " Were kindred ſpirits born for cares?
" Muſt ev'ry grief be mine?
" Is there a ſympathy in tears
" Yet joys refuſe to join?"
3. Forbid it Heav'n, and raiſe my love
And make our joys the ſame;
So bliſs and friendſhip join'd above
Mix an immortal flame.
4. Sorrows are loſt in vaſt delight
That brightens all the ſoul,
As deluges of dawning light
O'erwhelm the duſky pole.
5. Pleaſures in long ſucceſſion reign
And all my pow'rs employ;
Friendſhip but ſhifts the pleaſing ſcene
And freſh repeats the joy.
6. Life has a ſoft and ſilver thread,
Nor is it drawn too long,
Yet when my vaſter hopes perſuade
I'm willing to be gone.

7. Faſt as you pleaſe roll down the hill
And haſte away my years,
Or I can wait my Father's will
And dwell beneath the ſpheres.

8. Riſe glorious ev'ry future ſun,
Gild all my following days,
But make the laſt dear moment known
By welldiſtinguiſh'd rays.

To the Right Honourable John Lord Cuts †,

At the ſiege of Namur.

The hardy ſoldier.

" O Why is man ſo thoughtleſs grown,
" Why guilty ſouls in haſte to die?
" Vent'ring the leap to worlds unknown
" Heedleſs to arms and blood they fly.

2. " Are lives but worth a ſoldier's pay?
" Why will you join ſuch wide extremes,
" And ſtake immortal ſouls in play
" At deſp'rate chance and bloody games?

3. " Valour 's a nobler turn of thought
" Whoſe pardon'd guilt forbids her fears;
" Calmly ſhe meets the deadly ſhot,
" Secure of life above the ſtars.

† At the ſiege of Namur.

4. " But Phrenzy dares eternal Fate,
" And ſpurr'd with Honour's airy dreams
" Flies to attack th' infernal gate,
" And force a paſſage to the flames."
5. Thus hov'ring o'er Namuria's plains
Sung heav'nly Love in Gabriel's form,
Young Thraſo left the moving ſtrains
And vow'd to pray before the ſtorm:
6. Anon the thund'ring trumpet calls;
" Vows are but wind," the hero cries;
Then ſwears by Heav'n, and ſcales the walls,
Drops in the ditch, deſpairs and dies.

Burning ſeveral poems of Ovid, Martial, Oldham, Dryden, &c. 1708.

I.

I Judge the Muſe of lewd deſire,
Her ſons to darkneſs and her works to fire.
In vain the flatt'ries of their wit,
Now with a melting ſtrain now with an heav'nly flight,
Would tempt my virtue to approve
Thoſe gaudy tenders of a lawleſs love.
So harlots dreſs; they can appear
Sweet, modeſt, cool, divinely fair,
To charm a Cato's eye, but all within
Stench, impudence, and fire, and ugly raging ſin.

II.

Die Flora, die in endleſs ſhame,
Thou proſtitute of blackeſt fame,
Stript of thy falſe array.
Ovid, and all ye wilder pens
Of modern luſt who gild our ſcenes,
Poiſon the Britiſh ſtage and paint damnation gay,
Attend your miſtreſs to the dead:
When Flora dies her imps ſhould wait upon her ſhade.

III.

Strephon †, of noble blood and mind,
(For ever ſhine his name!)
As death approach'd his ſoul refin'd,
And gave his looſer ſonnets to the flame:
"Burn, burn," he cry'd, with ſacred rage,
"Hell is the due of ev'ry page,
"Hell be the fate. (But O! indulgent Heav'n
"So vile the Muſe and yet the man forgiv'n!)
"Burn on my ſongs, for not the ſilver Thames,
"Nor Tiber with his yellow ſtreams,
"In endleſs currents rolling to the main,
"Can e'er dilute the poiſon or waſh out the ſtains."
So Moſes by divine command
Forbid the leprous houſe to ſtand
When deep the fatal ſpot was grown;
"Break down the timber and dig up the ſtone."

† Earl of Rocheſter.

To Mrs. B. Bendiſh.

Againſt tears, 1699.

MADAM, perſuade me tears are good
To waſh our mortal cares away,
Theſe eyes ſhall weep a ſudden flood,
And ſtream into a briny ſea.

2. Or if theſe orbs are hard and dry,
(Theſe orbs that never uſe to rain)
Some ſtar direct me where to buy
One ſov'reign drop for all my pain.

3. Were both the golden Indies mine
I'd give both Indies for a tear;
I'd barter all but what's divine,
Nor ſhall I think the bargain dear.

4. But tears, alas! are trifling things,
They rather feed than heal our wo;
From trickling eyes new ſorrow ſprings,
As weeds in rainy ſeaſons grow.

5. Thus weeping urges weeping on;
In vain our mis'ries hope relief,
For one drop calls another down
Till we are drown'd in ſeas of grief.

6. Then let theſe uſeleſs ſtreams be ſtaid,
Wear native courage on your face;
Theſe vulgar things were never made
For ſouls of a ſuperiour race.

7. If 'tis a rugged path you go,
And thouſand foes your ſteps ſurround,
Tread the thorns down, charge thro' the foe;
The hardeſt fight is higheſt crown'd.

Few happy matches, Aug. 1701.

I.

Say, mighty Love, and teach my ſong
To whom my ſweeteſt joys belong,
And who the happy pairs
Whoſe yielding hearts and joining hands
Find bleſſings twiſted with their bands
To ſoften all their cares.

II.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and ſwains
That thoughtleſs fly into the chains
As cuſtom leads the way;
If there be bliſs without deſign
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine
And be as bleſs'd as they.

III.

Not ſordid ſouls of earthly mould,
Who drawn by kindred charms of gold
To dull embraces move:
So two rich mountains of Peru
May ruſh to wealthy marriage too
And make a world of love.

IV.

Not the mad tribe that hell inſpires
With wanton flames; thoſe raging fires
The purer bliſs deſtroy:
On Ætna's top let Furies wed,
And ſheets of lightning dreſs the bed
T' improve the burning joy.

V.

Nor the dull pairs whoſe marble forms
None of the melting paſſions warms
Can mingle hearts and hands:
Logs of green wood that quench the coals
Are marry'd juſt like Stoick ſouls,
With oſiers for their bands.

VI.

Not minds of melancholy ſtrain,
Still ſilent or that ſtill complain,
Can the dear bondage bleſs:
As well may heav'nly concerts ſpring
From two old lutes with ne'er a ſtring,
Or none beſides the baſs.

VII.

Nor can the ſoft enchantments hold
Two jarring ſouls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen:
Samſon's young foxes might as well
In bands of cheerful wedlock dwell
With firebrands ty'd between.

VIII.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a ſavage mind,
For Love abhors the ſight:
Looſe the fierce tiger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Riſe and forbid delight.

IX.

Two kindeſt ſouls alone muſt meet;
'Tis friendſhip makes the bondage ſweet,
And feeds their mutual loves:
Bright Venus on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentleſt birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.

To David Polhill, Eſq.

An epiſtle, December 1702.

I.

Let uſeleſs ſouls to woods retreat;
Polhill ſhould leave a country-ſeat
When Virtue bids him dare be great.

II.

Nor Kent nor Suſſex * ſhould have charms
While Liberty with loud alarms
Calls you to counſels and to arms.

* His country-ſeat and dwelling.

III.

Lewis, by fawning ſlaves ador'd,
Bids you receive a baſeborn lord *;
Awake your cares, awake your ſword.

IV.

Factions amongſt the Britons † riſe,
And warring tongues and wild Surmiſe,
And burning Zeal without her eyes.

V.

A vote decides the blind debate;
Reſolv'd "'Tis of diviner weight
"To ſave the ſteeple than the ſtate."

VI.

The bold machine ‡ is form'd and join'd
To ſtretch the conſcience, and to bind
The native freedom of the mind.

VII.

Your grandfires' ſhades with jealous eye
Frown down to ſee their offspring lie
Careleſs, and let their country die.

VIII.

If Trevia || fear to let you ſtand
Againſt the Gaul with ſpear in hand,
At leaſt petition ↓ for the land.

* The Pretender proclaimed king in France.
† The parliament.
‡ The bill againſt occaſional conformity, 1702.
|| Mrs. Polhill, of the family of the Lord Trevor.
↓ Mr. Polhill was one of thoſe five zealous gentlemen who preſented the famous Kentiſh petition to the parliament in the reign of King William to haſten their ſupplies, in order to ſupport the King in his war with France.

The celebrated victory of the Poles over Osman the Turkish Emperour in the Dacian battle.

Translated from Casimire, b. iv. ode 4. with large additions.

GADOR the old, the wealthy, and the strong,
Cheerful in years, (nor of the heroick Muse
Unknowing nor unknown) held fair possessions
Where flows the fruitful Danube: sev'nty springs
Smil'd on his seed, and sev'nty harvest moons
Fill'd his wide gran'ries with autumnal joy;
Still he resum'd the toil, and Fame reports,
While he broke up new ground, and tir'd his plough
In grassy furrows, the torn earth disclos'd
Helmets and swords (bright furniture of war
Sleeping in rust) and heaps of mighty bones.
The sun descending to the western deep
Bid him lie down and rest; he loos'd the yoke,
Yet held his weary'd oxen from their food
With charming numbers and uncommon song.
Go, fellow-lab'rers, you may rove secure
Or feed beside me; taste the greens and boughs
That you have long forgot; crop the sweet herb,
And graze in safety, while the victor Pole
Leans on his spear and breathes, yet still his eye
Jealous and fierce. How large, old soldier, say,
How fair a harvest of the slaughter'd Turks
Strew'd the Moldavian fields? what mighty piles
Of vast destruction and of Thracian dead

Fill and amaze my eyes? Broad bucklers lie
(A vain defence) ſpread o'er the pathleſs hills,
And coats of ſcaly ſteel and hard habergeon,
Deep bruis'd and empty of Mahometan limbs.
This the fierce Saracen wore, (for when a boy
I was their captive, and remind their dreſs.)
Here the Polonians dreadful march'd along,
In auguſt port and regular array
Led on to conqueſt: here the Turkiſh chief
Preſumptuous trod, and in rude order rang'd
His long battalions, while his pop'lous towns
Pour'd out freſh troops perpetual dreſs'd in arms,
Horrent in mail, and gay in ſpangled pride.
O the dire image of the bloody fight
Theſe eyes have ſeen! when the capacious plain
Was throng'd with Dacian ſpears, when poliſh'd helms
And convex gold blaz'd thick againſt the ſun,
Reſtoring all his beams! but frowning War,
All gloomy, like a gather'd tempeſt ſtood
Wav'ring and doubtful where to bend its fall.
The ſtorm of miſſive ſteel delay'd a while
By wiſe command, fledg'd arrows on the nerve
And ſcimitar and ſabre bore the ſheath
Reluctant, till the hollow brazen clouds
Had bellow'd from each quarter of the field
Loud thunder, and diſgorg'd their ſulph'rous fire:
Then banners wav'd, and arms were mix'd with arms;
Then jav'lins anſwer'd jav'lins as they fled,

For both fled hiſſing death: with adverſe edge
The crooked faulchions met, and hideous noiſe
From flaſhing ſhields thro' the long ranks of war
Clang'd horrible: a thouſand iron ſtorms
Roar diverſe, and in harſh confuſion drown
The trumpet's ſilver ſound. O rude effort
Of harmony! not all the frozen ſtores
Of the cold north when pour'd in rattling hail
Laſh with ſuch madneſs the Norwegian plains
Or ſo torment the ear: ſcarce ſounds ſo far
The direful fragor when ſome ſouthern blaſt
Tears from the Alps a ridge of knotty oaks
Deep fang'd, and ancient tenants of the rock;
The maſſy fragment, many a rood in length,
With hideous craſh rolls down the rugged cliff
Reſiſtleſs, plunging in the ſubject lake
Como' or Lugaine; th' afflicted waters roar,
And various thunder all the valley fills.
Such was the noiſe of war; the troubled air
Complains aloud, and propagates the din
To neighb'ring regions; rocks and lofty hills
Beat the impetuous echoes round the ſky.
Uproar, revenge, and rage, and hate, appear
In all their murd'rous forms, and flame, and blood,
And ſweat, and duſt, array the broad campaign
In horrour: haſty feet and ſparkling eyes,
And all the ſavage paſſions of the ſoul,
Engage in the warm buſ'neſs of the day.

Here mingling hands, but with no friendly gripe,
Join in the fight, and breasts in close embrace,
But mortal as the iron arms of Death:
Here words austere, of perilous command,
And valour swift t' obey: bold fates of arms,
Dreadful to see and glorious to relate,
Shine thro' the field with more surprising brightness
Than glitt'ring helms or spears. What loud applause,
(Best meed of warlike toil) what manly shouts,
And yells unmanly, thro' the battle ring,
And sudden wrath dies into endless fame!

Long did the fate of war hang dubious. Here
Stood the more numerous Turk; the valiant Pole
Fought there more dreadful, tho' with lesser wings.
But what the Dahees, or the coward soul
Of a Cydonian, what the fearful crowds
Of base Cilicians scaping from the slaughter,
Or Parthian beasts, with all their racing riders,
What could they mean against th' intrepid breast
Of the pursuing foe? Th' impetuous Poles
Rush here, and here the Lithuanian horse
Drive down upon them like a double bolt
Of kindled thunder raging thro' the sky
On sounding wheels, or as some mighty flood
Rolls his two torrents down a dreadful steep
Precipitant, and bears along the stream
Rocks, woods, and trees, with all the grazing herd,
And tumbles lofty forests headlong to the plain.

The bold Borussian, smoking from afar,

Moves like a tempeſt in a duſky cloud,
And imitates th' artillery of heav'n,
The lightning and the roar. Amazing ſcene!
What ſhow'rs of mortal hail, what flaky fires
Burſt from the darkneſs! while their cohorts firm
Met the like thunder and an equal ſtorm
From hoſtile troops, but with a braver mind.
Undaunted boſoms tempt the edge of war
And ruſh on the ſharp point, while baleful miſchiefs,
Deaths and bright dangers, flew acroſs the field
Thick and continual, and a thouſand ſouls
Fled murm'ring thro' their wounds. I ſtood aloof,
For 't was unſafe to come within the wind
Of Ruſſian banners, when with whizzing ſound,
Eager of glory and profuſe of life,
They bore down fearleſs on the charging foes
And drove them backward. Then the Turkiſh Moons
Wander'd in diſarray; a dark eclipſe
Hung on the ſilver Creſcent, boding night,
Long night, to all her ſons: at length diſrob'd
The ſtandards fell, the barb'rous enſigns torn
Fled with the wind, the ſport of angry heav'n,
And a large cloud of infantry and horſe
Scatt'ring in wild diſorder ſpread the plain.
Not noiſe nor number, nor the brawny limb
Nor high-built ſize, prevails: 't is courage fights,
'Tis courage conquers. So whole foreſts fall
(A ſpacious ruin) by one ſingle axe

And ſteel well ſharpen'd; ſo a gen'rous pair
Of young wing'd eaglets fright a thouſand doves.
Vaſt was the ſlaughter, and the flow'ry green
Drank deep of flowing crimſon. Vet'ran bands
Here made their laſt campaign. Here haughty chiefs
Stretch'd on the bed of purple Honour lie
Supine, nor dream of battle's hard event,
Oppreſs'd with iron ſlumbers and long night:
Their ghoſts indignant to the nether world
Fled, but attended well; for at their ſide
Some faithful Janizaries ſtrew'd the field,
Fall'n in juſt ranks or wedges, lines or ſquares,
Firm as they ſtood, to the Warſovian troops
A nobler toil, and triumph worth their fight.
But the broad ſabre and keen pollaxe flew
With ſpeedy terrour thro' the feebler herd
And made rude havock and irregular ſpoil
Amongſt the vulgar bands that own'd the name
Of Mahomet. The wild Arabians fled
In ſwift affright a thouſand diff'rent ways
Thro' brakes and thorns, and climb'd the craggy mountains
Bellowing; yet haſty Fate o'ertook the cry,
And Poliſh hunters clave the tim'rous deer.
Thus the dire proſpect diſtant fill'd my ſoul
With awe, till the laſt relicks of the war,
The thin Edonians, flying had diſclos'd
The ghaſtly plain. I took a nearer view,

Unſeemly to the ſight, nor to the ſmell
Grateful. What loads of mangled fleſh and limbs
(A diſmal carnage!) bath'd in reeking gore
Lay welt'ring on the ground, while flitting life
Convuls'd the nerves ſtill ſhiv'ring, nor had loſt
All taſte of pain! Here an old Thracian lies
Deform'd with years and ſcars, and groans aloud,
Torn with freſh wounds, but inward vitals firm
Forbid the ſoul's remove, and chain it down,
By the hard laws of Nature to ſuſtain
Long torment: his wild eyeballs roll; his teeth
Gnaſhing with anguiſh chide his ling'ring fate;
Emblazon'd armour ſpoke his high command
Amongſt the neighb'ring dead; they round their lord
Lay proſtrate, ſome in flight ignobly ſlain,
Some to the ſkies their faces upwards turn'd,
Still brave, and proud to die ſo near their prince.
I mov'd not far, and lo! at manly length
Two beauteous youths of richeſt Ott'man blood
Extended on the field; in friendſhip join'd,
Nor Fate divides them; hardy warriours both,
Both faithful: drown'd in ſhow'rs of darts they fell
Each with his ſhield ſpread o'er his lover's heart
In vain, for on thoſe orbs of friendly braſs
Stood groves of jav'lins; ſome alas! too deep
Were planted there, and thro' their lovely boſoms
Made painful avenus for cruel Death.
O my dear native land! forgive the tear

I dropt on their wan cheeks, when ſtrong compaſſion
Forc'd from my melting eyes the briny dew,
And paid a ſacrifice to hoſtile virtue:
Dacia, forgive the ſigh that wiſh'd the ſouls
Of thoſe fair infidels ſome humble place
Among the bleſs'd. "Sleep, ſleep ye hapleſs Pair!"
Gently I cry'd, "worthy of better fate
"And better faith." Hard by the gen'ral lay,
Of Saracen deſcent, a grizly form,
Breathleſs, yet Pride ſat pale upon his front,
In diſappointment with a ſurly brow,
Louring in death and vex'd, his rigid jaws
Foaming with blood bit hard the Poliſh ſpear.
In that dead viſage my remembrance reads
Raſh Caracas: in vain the boaſting ſlave
Promis'd and ſooth'd the Sultan, threat'ning fierce
With royal ſuppers and triumphant fare,
Spread wide beneath Warſovian ſilk and gold:
See on the naked ground all cold he lies
Beneath the damp wide cov'ring of the air,
Forgetful of his word! How Heav'n confounds
Inſulting hopes! with what an awful ſmile
Laughs at the proud that looſen all the reins
To their unbounded wiſhes, and leads on
Their blind ambition to a ſhameful end!
But whither am I borne! this thought of arms
Fires me in vain to ſing to ſenſeleſs bulls
What gen'rous horſe ſhould hear. Break off, my ſong,

My barb'rous Muſe, be ſtill: immortal deeds
Muſt not be thus profan'd in ruſtick verſe:
The martial trumpet, and the following age,
And growing Fame, ſhall loud rehearſe the fight
In ſounds of glory. Lo, the ev'ning ſtar
Shines o'er the weſtern hill; my oxen come,
The wellknown ſtar invites the lab'rer home.

To Mr. Henry Bendiſh.

DEAR SIR, *Aug.* 24. 1705.

THE following ſong was your's when firſt compoſed: the Muſe then deſcribed the general fate of mankind, that is, to be illmatched; and now ſhe rejoices that you have eſcaped the common miſchief, and that your ſoul has found its own mate. Let this ode then congratulate you both. Grow mutually in more complete likeneſs and love; perſevere and be happy.

I perſuade myſelf you will accept from the preſs what the pen more privately inſcribed to you long ago; and I am in no pain leſt you ſhould take offence at the fabulous dreſs of this poem; nor would weaker minds be ſcandalized at it if they would give themſelves leave to reflect how many divine truths are ſpoken by the holy writers in viſions and images, parables and dreams: nor are my wiſer friends aſhamed to defend it, ſince the narrative is grave, and the moral ſo juſt and obvious.

The Indian philoſopher, Sep. 3. 1701.

I.

Why ſhould our joys transform to pain,
Why gentle Hymen's ſilken chain
A plague of iron prove?
Bendiſh, 't is ſtrange the charm that binds
Millions of hands ſhould leave their minds
At ſuch a looſe from love.

II.

In vain I fought the wondrous cauſe,
Rang'd the wide fields of Nature's laws,
And urg'd the ſchools in vain;
Then deep in thought within my breaſt
My ſoul retir'd, and ſlumber dreſt
A bright inſtructive ſcene.

III.

O'er the broad lands and croſs the tide
On Fancy's airy horſe I ride,
(Sweet rapture of the mind!)
Till on the banks of Ganges' flood
In a tall ancient grove I ſtood
For ſacred uſe deſign'd.

IV.

Hard by a venerable prieſt,
Ris'n with his god the Sun from reſt,
Awoke his morning ſong;
Thrice he conjur'd the murm'ring ſtream;
The birth of ſouls was all his theme
And half-divine his tongue.

V.

" He ſang th' eternal rolling flame,
" That vital maſs that ſtill the ſame
" Does all our minds compoſe,
" But ſhap'd in twice ten thouſand frames,
" Thence diff'ring ſouls of diff'ring names
" And jarring tempers roſe.

VI.

" The mighty Pow'r that form'd the mind
" One mould for ev'ry two deſign'd,
" And bleſs'd the new-born pair;
" This be a match for this," (he ſaid)
" Then down he ſent the ſouls he made
" To ſeek them bodies here:

VII.

" But parting from their warm abode
" They loſt their fellows on the road
" And never join'd their hands:
" Ah cruel Chance and croſſing Fates!
" Our eaſtern ſouls have dropt their mates
" On Europe's barb'rous lands.

VIII.

" Happy the youth that finds the bride
" Whoſe birth is to his own ally'd,
" The ſweeteſt joy of life;
" But oh! the crowds of wretched ſouls
" Fetter'd to minds of diff'rent moulds
" And chain'd t' eternal ſtrife!"

IX.

Thus ſang the wondrous Indian bard,
My ſoul with vaſt attention heard
While Ganges ceas'd to flow:
"Sure then," I cry'd, "might I but ſee
"That gentle nymph that twinn'd with me
"I might be happy too.

X.

"Some courteous angel tell me where,
"What diſtant lands this unknown fair,
"Or diſtant ſeas, detain?
"Swift as the wheel of Nature rolls
"I'd fly to meet and mingle ſouls
"And wear the joyful chain."

The happy man.

I.

SERENE as light is Myron's ſoul
And active as the ſun, yet ſteady as the pole;
In manly beauty ſhines his face,
Ev'ry Muſe and ev'ry Grace
Makes his heart and tongue their ſeat,
His heart profuſely good, his tongue divinely ſweet.
Myron, the wonder of our eyes,
Behold his manhood ſcarce begun,
Behold his race of virtue run,
Behold the goal of glory won,
Nor Fame denies the merit nor withholds the prize;

Her silver trumpets his renown proclaim:
The lands where Learning never flew,
Which neither Rome nor Athens knew,
Surly Japan and rich Peru
In barb'rous songs pronounce the British hero's name:
"Airy bliss," the hero cry'd,
"May feed the tympany of pride,
"But healthy souls were never found
"To live on emptiness and sound."

II.

Lo! at his honourable feet
Fame's bright attendant, Wealth, appears;
She comes to pay obedience meet,
Providing joys for future years;
Blessings with lavish hand she pours
Gather'd from the Indian coast;
Not Danae's lap could equal treasures boast
When Jove came down in golden show'rs,
He look'd and turn'd his eyes away,
With high disdain I heard him say
"Bliss is not made of glitt'ring clay."

III.

Now Pomp and Grandeur court his head
With scutcheons, arms, and ensigns, spread;
Gay magnificence and state,
Guards and chariots at his gate,
And slaves in endless order round his table wait:
They learn the dictates of his eyes,
And now they fall and now they rise,

Watch ev'ry motion of their lord,
Hang on his lips with moſt impatient zeal,
With ſwift ambition ſeize th' unfiniſh'd word,
And the command fulfil.
Tir'd with the train that grandeur brings
He dropt a tear and pity'd kings,
Then flying from the noiſy throng
Seeks the diverſion of a ſong.

IV.

Muſick deſcending on a ſilent cloud
Tun'd all her ſtrings with endleſs art;
By ſlow degrees from ſoft to loud
Changing ſhe roſe; the harp and flute
Harmonious join the hero to ſalute
And make a captive of his heart.
Fruits and rich wine, and ſcenes of lawleſs love,
Each with utmoſt luxury ſtrove
To treat their favourite beſt;
But ſounding ſtrings, and fruits, and wine,
And lawleſs love, in vain combine
To make his virtue ſleep or lull his ſoul to reſt.

V.

He ſaw the tedious round, and with a ſigh
Pronounc'd the world but vanity.
" In crowds of pleaſure ſtill I find
" A painful ſolitude of mind,—
" A vacancy within which ſenſe can ne'er ſupply.

" Hence and be gone ye flatt'ring ſnares,
" Ye vulgar charms of eyes and ears,
" Ye unperforming promiſers!
" Be all my baſer paſſions dead,
" And baſe deſires by Nature made
" For animals and boys:
" Man has a reliſh more refin'd;
" Souls are for ſocial bliſs deſign'd:
" Give me a bleſſing fit to match my mind,
" A kindred-ſoul to double and to ſhare my joys."

VI.

Myrrha appear'd; ſerene her ſoul,
And active as the ſun, yet ſteady as the pole:
In ſofter beauties ſhone her face;
Ev'ry Muſe and ev'ry Grace
Made her heart and tongue their ſeat,
Her heart profuſely good, her tongue divinely ſweet:
Myrrha, the wonder of his eyes,
His heart recoil'd with ſweet ſurpriſe,
With joys unknown before;
His ſoul diſſolv'd in pleaſing pain
Flow'd to his eyes and look'd again
And could endure no more.
" Enough," th' impatient hero cries,
" And ſeiz'd her to his breaſt;
" I ſeek no more below the ſkies;
" I give my ſlaves the reſt.

To David Polhill, Esq.

An answer to an infamous satire called Advice to a Painter, written by a nameless author against King William III. of glorious memory, 1698.

SIR,

When you put this satire into my hand you gave me the occasion of employing my pen to answer so detestable a writing, which might be done much more effectually by your known zeal for the interest of his Majesty, your counsels and your courage employed in the defence of your king and country; and since you provoked me to write, you will accept of these efforts of my loyalty to the best of kings, addressed to one of the most zealous of his subjects, by,

SIR,

Your most obedient servant,

I. W.

PART I.

And must the hero that redeem'd our land
Here in the front of vice and scandal stand?
The man of wondrous soul, that scorn'd his ease,
Tempting the winters and the faithless seas,
And paid an annual tribute of his life
To guard his England from the Irish knife,
And crush the French dragoon? must William's name,
That brightest star that gilds the wings of Fame,

William, the brave, the pious, and the juſt,
Adorn theſe gloomy ſcenes of tyranny and luſt?
Polhill! my blood boils high, my ſpirits flame;
Can your zeal ſleep, or are your paſſions tame,
Nor call revenge and darkneſs on the poet's name?
Why ſmoke the ſkies not, why no thunders roll,
Nor kindling lightnings blaſt his guilty ſoul?
Audacious wretch! to ſtab a monarch's fame,
And fire his ſubjects with a rebel flame,
To call the painter to his black deſigns,
To draw our guardian's face in helliſh lines.
Painter, beware! the monarch can be ſhown
Under no ſhape but angels or his own,
Gabriel or William on the Britiſh throne.
O! could my thought but graſp the vaſt deſign,
And words with infinite ideas join,
I'd rouſe Apelles from his iron ſleep,
And bid him trace the warriour o'er the deep:
Trace him, Apelles, o'er the Belgian plain,
Fierce how he climbs the mountains of the ſlain,
Scatt'ring juſt vengeance thro' the red campaign,
Then daſh the canvaſs with a flying ſtroke
Till it be loſt in clouds of fire and ſmoke,
And ſay 'Twas thus the conq'ror thro' the ſquadrons broke.
Mark him again emerging from the cloud
Far from his troops; there like a rock he ſtood,
His country's ſingle barrier in a ſea of blood.

Calmly he leaves the pleasures of a throne
And his Maria weeping, whilst alone
He wards the fate of nations and provokes his own.
But Heav'n secures its champion: o'er the field
Paint hov'ring angels tho' they lie conceal'd;
Each intercepts a death and wears it on his shield.
Now, noble pencil, lead him to our isle,
Mark how the skies with joyful lustre smile,
Then imitate the glory on the strand,
Spread half the nation longing till he land.
Wash off the blood and take a peaceful teint,
All red the warriour, white the ruler paint,
Abroad a hero and at home a saint.
Throne him on high upon a shining seat,
Lust and Profaneness dying at his feet,
While round his head the laurel and the olive meet,
The crowns of war and peace, and may they blow
With flow'ry blessings ever on his brow!
At his right hand pile up the English laws
In sacred volumes, thence the monarch draws
His wise and just commands———
Rise ye old sages of the British isle,
On the fair tablet cast a rov'rend smile,
And bless the piece: these statutes are your own
That sway the cottage and direct the throne:
People and prince are one in William's name,
Their joys, their dangers, and their laws, the same.

Let Liberty and Right, with plumes display'd,
Clap their glad wings around their guardian's head,
Religion o'er the rest her starry pinions spread,
Religion guards him; round th' imperial queen
Place waiting Virtues, each of heav'nly mien;
Learn their bright air and paint it from his eyes;
The just, the bold, the temp'rate, and the wise,
Dwell in his looks, majestick but serene,
Sweet with no fondness, cheerful but not vain,
Bright without terrour, great without disdain.
His soul inspires us what his lips command,
And spreads his brave example thro' the land.
Not so the former reigns—
Bend down his earth to each afflicted cry,
Let beams of grace dart gently from his eye;
But the bright treasures of his sacred breast
Are too divine, too vast, to be expreſt:
Colours must fail where words and numbers faint,
And leave the hero's heart for thought alone to paint.

PART II.

Now Muſe, pursue the satirist again,
Wipe off the blots of his envenom'd pen.
Hark how he bids the servile painter draw
In monstrous shapes the patrons of our law;
At one slight dash he cancels ev'ry name
From the white rolls of honesty and fame:
This scribbling wretch marks all he meets for knave,
Shoots sudden bolts promiscuous at the base and brave,

And with unpardonable malice sheds
Poison and spite on undistinguish'd heads.
Painter, forbear! or if thy bolder hand
Dares to attempt the villains of the land,
Draw first this poet, like some baleful star
With silent influence shedding civil war,
Or factious trumpeter, whose magick sound
Calls off the subjects to the hostile ground
And scatters hellish feuds the nations round.
These are the imps of hell, that cursed tribe
That first create the plague and then the pain describe.
Draw next above the great ones of our isle,
Still from the good distinguishing the vile;
Seat 'em in pomp, in grandeur and command,
Peeling the subjects with a greedy hand:
Paint forth the knaves that have the nations sold,
And tinge their greedy looks with sordid gold:
Mark what a selfish faction undermines
The pious monarch's generous designs,
Spoil their own native land as vipers do,
Vipers that tear their mothers' bowels thro'.
Let great Nassau beneath a careful crown,
Mournful in majesty, look gently down,
Mingling soft pity with an awful frown.
He grieves to see how long in vain he strove
To make us bless'd, how vain his labours prove
To save the stubborn land he condescends to love.

To the diſcontented and unquiet.

Imitated partly from Caſimire, Lib. iv. Od. 15.

VARIA! there 's nothing here that 's free
From wearisome anxiety,
And the whole round of mortal joys
With short poſſeſſion tires and cloys.
'Tis a dull circle that we tread,
Juſt from the window to the bed:
We riſe to ſee and to be ſeen,
Gaze on the world a while, and then
We yawn, and ſtretch to ſleep again.
But Fancy, that uneaſy gueſt,
Still holds a lodging in our breaſt;
She finds or frames vexation ſtill,
Herſelf the greateſt plague we feel.
We take ſtrange pleaſure in our pain,
And make a mountain of a grain,
Aſſume the load, and pant and ſweat
Beneath th' imaginary weight.
With our dear ſelves we live at ſtrife:
While the moſt conſtant ſcenes of life
From peeviſh humours are not free
Still we affect variety.
Rather than paſs an eaſy day
We fret and chide the hours away.

Grow weary of this circling ſun,
And vex'd that he ſhould ever run
The ſame old track, and ſtill and ſtill
Riſe red behind yon' eaſtern hill,
And chide the moon that darts her light
Thro' the ſame caſement ev'ry night.
We ſhift our chambers and our homes
To dwell where trouble never comes.
Sylvia has left the city crowd,
Againſt the court exclaims aloud,
Flies to the woods, a hermit ſaint!
She loathes her patches, pins, and paint;
Dear diamonds from her neck are torn;
But humour that eternal thorn
Sticks in her heart; ſhe 's hurry'd ſtill
'Twixt her wild paſſions and her will;
Haunted and hagg'd where'er ſhe roves,
By purling ſtreams and ſilent groves,
Or with her Furies or her Loves.
Then our own native land we hate,
Too cold, to windy, or too wet;
Change the thick climate and repair
To France or Italy for air.
In vain we change, in vain we fly:
Go, Sylvia, mount the whirling ſky,
Or ride upon the feather'd wind.
In vain, if this diſeaſed mind
Clings faſt, and ſtill ſits cloſe behind;

Faithful diſeaſe, that never fails
Attendance at her lady's ſide,
Over the deſert or the tide,
On rolling wheels or flying ſails.

Happy the ſoul that Virtue ſhows
To fix the place of her repoſe,
Needleſs to move, for ſhe can dwell
In her old grandfire's hall as well;
Virtue, that never loves to roam,
But ſweetly hides herſelf at home,
And eaſy on a native throne
Of humble turf ſits gently down.

Yet ſhould tumultuous ſtorms ariſe
And mingle earth, and ſeas, and ſkies,
Should the waves ſwell and make her roll
Acroſs the line or near the pole,
Still ſhe's at peace, for well ſhe knows
To lanch the ſtream that Duty ſhows,
And make her home where'er ſhe goes.
Bear her ye ſeas upon your breaſt,
Or waft her winds from eaſt to weſt
On the ſoft air; ſhe cannot find
A couch ſo eaſy as her mind,
Nor breathe a climate half ſo kind.

To John Hartopp, Esq. now Sir John Hartopp, Bart.

Casimire, Book I. Ode 4. *imitated.*

Vive jucundæ metuens juventæ, &c. *July* 1700.

I.

Live, my dear Hartopp! live to-day,
Nor let the sun look down and say
"Inglorious here he lies:"
Shake off your ease, and send your name
To immortality and fame
By ev'ry hour that flies.

II.

Youth 's a soft scene, but trust her not;
Her airy minutes swift as thought
Slide off the slipp'ry sphere:
Moons with their months make hasty rounds,
The sun has pass'd his vernal bounds,
And whirls about the year.

III.

Let Folly dress in green and red,
And gird her waist with flowing gold,
Knit blushing roses round her head,
Alas! the gaudy colours fade,
The garment waxes old,
Hartopp! mark the with'ring rose,
And the pale gold how dim it shows!

IV.

Bright and laſting bliſs below
Is all romance and dream,
Only the joys celeſtial flow
In an eternal ſtream.
The pleaſures that the ſmiling day
With large right hand beſtows
Falſely her left conveys away
And ſhuffles in our woes.
So have I ſeen a mother play
And cheat her ſilly child;
She gave and took a toy away,
The infant cry'd and ſmil'd.

V.

Airy Chance and iron Fate
Hurry and vex our mortal ſtate,
And all the race of ills create;
Now fiery joy, now ſullen grief,
Commands the reins of human life,
The wheels impetuous roll;
The harneſs'd hours and minutes ſtrive,
And days with ſtretching pinions drive——
Down fiercely on the goal.

VI.

Not half ſo faſt the galley flies
O'er the Venetian ſea
When ſails, and oars, and lab'ring ſkies,
Contend to make her way.

Swift wings for all the flying hours
The God of time prepares,
The reſt lie ſtill yet in their neſt
And grow for future years.

To Thomas Gunſton, Eſq. Happy ſolitude, 1700.

Caſimire, Book IV. Ode 12. *imitated.*

Quid me latentem, &c.

I.

The noiſy world complains of me
That I ſhould ſhun their ſight and flee
Viſits, and crowds, and company.
Gunſton! the lark dwells in her neſt
Till ſhe aſcend the ſkies,
And in my cloſet I could reſt
Till to the heav'ns I riſe.

II.

Yet they will urge "This private life
"Can never make you bleſt,
"And twenty doors are ſtill at ſtrife
"T' engage you for a gueſt."
Friend! ſhould the tow'rs of Windſor or Whitehall
Spread open their inviting gates
To make my entertainment gay
I would obey the royal call,
But ſhort ſhould be my ſtay,
Since a diviner ſervice waits
T' employ my hours at home and better fill the day.

III.

When I within myſelf retreat
I ſhut my doors againſt the great,
My buſy eyeballs inward roll,
And there with large ſurvey I ſee
All the wide theatre of Me,
And view the various ſcenes of my retiring ſoul;
There I walk o'er the mazes I have trod,
While hope and fear are in a doubtful ſtriſe
Whether this opera of life
Be acted well to gain the plaudit of my God.

IV.

There 's a day haſt'ning ('t is an awful day!)
When the Great Sov'reign ſhall at large review
All that we ſpeak and all we do,
The ſev'ral parts we act on this wide ſtage of clay:
Theſe he approves and thoſe he blames,
And crowns perhaps a porter and a prince he damns.
O if the Judge from his tremendous ſeat
Shall not condemn what I have done
I ſhall be happy tho' unknown,
Nor heed the gazing rabble nor the ſhouting ſtreet.

V.

I hate the glory, Friend! that ſprings
From vulgar breath and empty ſound:
Fame mounts her upward with a flatt'ring gale
Upon her airy wings

Till Envy ſhoots and Fame receives the wound,
Then her flagging pinions fail,
Down Glory falls and ſtrikes the ground,
And breaks her batter'd limbs.
Rather let me be quite conceal'd from Fame:
How happy I ſhould lie
In ſweet obſcurity,
Nor the loud world pronounce my little name!
Here I could live and die alone;
Or if ſociety be due
To keep our taſte of pleaſure new,
Gunſton! I'd live and die with you,
For both our ſouls are one.

VI.

Here we could ſit and paſs the hour,
And pity kingdoms and their kings,
And ſmile at all their ſhining things,
Their toys of ſtate and images of pow'r:
Virtue ſhould dwell within our ſeat,
Virtue alone could make it ſweet;
Nor is herſelf ſecure but in a cloſe retreat.
While ſhe withdraws from publick praiſe,
Envy perhaps would ceaſe to rail,
Envy itſelf may innocently gaze
At Beauty in a vail;
But if ſhe once advance to light
Her charms are loſt in Envy's ſight,
And Virtue ſtands the mark of univerſal ſpite.

To John Hartopp, Esq. now Sir John Hartopp, Bart.

The disdain, 1700.

I.

HARTOPP! I love the soul that dares
Tread the temptations of his years
Beneath his youthful feet:
Fleetwood, and all thy heav'nly line,
Look thro' the stars and smile divine
Upon an heir so great.
Young Hartopp knows this noble theme,
That the wild scenes of busy life,
The noise, th' amusements, and the strife,
Are but the visions of the night,
Gay phantoms of delusive light,
Or a vexatious dream.

II.

Flesh is the vilest and the least
Ingredient of our frame:
We're born to live above the beast
Or quit the manly name.
Pleasures of sense we leave for boys;
Be shining dust the miser's food;
Let Fancy feed on fame and noise,
Souls must pursue diviner joys,
And seize th' immortal good.

To Mitio, my friend.

An epiſtle.

FORGIVE me, Mitio, that there ſhould be any mortifying lines in the following poems inſcribed to you ſo ſoon after your entrance into that ſtate which was deſigned for the completeſt happineſs on earth; but you will quickly diſcover that the Muſe in the firſt poem only repreſents the ſhades and dark colours that melancholy throws upon love and the ſocial life; in the ſecond perhaps ſhe indulges her own bright ideas a little; yet if the accounts are but well balanced at laſt, and things ſet in a due light, I hope there is no ground for cenſure. Here you will find an attempt made to talk of one of the moſt important concerns of human nature in verſe, and that with a ſolemnity becoming the argument. I have baniſhed grimace and ridicule, that perſons of the moſt ſerious character may read without offence. What was written ſeveral years ago to yourſelf is now permitted to entertain the world; but you may aſſume it to yourſelf as a private entertainment ſtill while you lie concealed behind a feigned name.

PART I.

The mourning-piece.

LIFE 's a long tragedy; this globe the ſtage,
Well fix'd and well adorn'd with ſtrong machines,

Gay fields, and skies, and seas; the actors many,
The plot immense; a flight of demons sit
On ev'ry sailing cloud with fatal purpose,
And shoot across the scenes ten thousand arrows
Perpetual and unseen, headed with pain,
With sorrow, infamy, disease, and death:
The pointed plagues fly silent thro' the air
Nor twangs the bow, yet sure and deep the wound.
Dianthe acts her little part alone,
Nor wishes an associate: lo! she glides
Single thro' all the storm and more secure;
Less are her dangers, and her breast receives
The fewest darts. "But O my lov'd Marilla,
"My sister, once my friend, (Dianthe cries)
"How much art thou expos'd! thy growing soul
"Doubled in wedlock, multiply'd in children,
"Stands but the broader mark for all the mischiefs
"That rove promiscuous o'er the mortal stage.
"Children! those dear young limbs, those tend'rest
"Of your own flesh, those little other selves, [pieces
"How they dilate the heart to wide dimensions,
"And soften ev'ry fibre to improve
"The mother's sad capacity of pain!
"I mourn Fidelio too, tho' Heav'n has chose
"A fav'rite mate for him, of all her sex
"The pride and flow'r: how blest'd the lovely pair
"Beyond expression, if well-mingled loves
"And woes well-mingled could improve our bliss!

" Amidſt the rugged cares of life behold
" The father and the huſband, flatt'ring names,
" That ſpread his title and enlarge his ſhare
" Of common wretchedneſs. He fondly hopes
" To multiply his joys, but ev'ry hour
" Renews the diſappointment and the ſmart.
" There not a wound afflicts the meaneſt joint
" Of his fair partner or her infant-train
" (Sweet babes!) but pierces to his inmoſt ſoul.
" Strange is thy pow'r O Love! What num'rous veins,
" And art'ries, and arms, and hands, and eyes,
" Are link'd and faſten'd to a lover's heart
" By ſtrong but ſecret ſtrings! With vain attempt
" We put the Stoick on, in vain we try
" To break the ties of Nature and of blood;
" Thoſe hidden threads maintain the dear commu-
" Inviolably firm; their thrilling motions [nion
" Reciprocal give endleſs ſympathy
" In all the bitters and the ſweets of life.
" Thrice happy man if pleaſure only knew
" Theſe avenues of love to reach our ſouls,
" And pain had never found 'em!"
Thus ſang the tuneful maid, fearful to try
The bold experiment. Oft' Daphnis came
And oft' Narciſſus, rivals of her heart,
Luring her eyes with trifles dipt in gold
And the gay ſilken bondage. Firm ſhe ſtood,
And bold repuls'd the bright temptation ſtill,

Nor put the chains on, dang'rous to try
And hard to be dissolv'd; yet rising tears
Sat on her eyelids, while her numbers flow'd
Harmonious sorrow, and the pitying drops
Stole down her cheeks to mourn the hapless state
Of mortal love; love, thou best blessing sent
To soften life and make our iron cares
Easy; but thy own cares of softer kind
Give sharper wounds; they lodge too near the heart,
Beat like the pulse perpetual, and create
A strange uneasy sense, a tempting pain.
Say, my companion Mitio, speak sincere
(For thou art learned now) what anxious thoughts,
What kind perplexities, tumultuous rise
If but the absence of a day divide
Thee from thy fair beloved! Vainly smiles
The cheerful sun, and night with radiant eyes
Twinkles in vain; the region of thy soul
Is darkness till thy better star appear.
Tell me what toil, what torment, to sustain
The rolling burden of the tedious hours?
The tedious hours are ages; fancy roves
Restless in fond inquiry, nor believes
Charissa safe; Charissa, in whose life
Thy life consists and in her comfort thine.
Fear and surmise put on a thousand forms
Of dire disquietude, and round thine ears
Whisper ten thousand dangers, endless woes,

Till thy frame ſhudders at her fancy'd death,
Then dies my Mitio, and his blood creeps cold
Thro' ev'ry vein. Speak! does the ſtranger Muſe
Caſt happy gueſſes at the unknown paſſion,
Or has ſhe fabled all? Inform me, friend,
Are half thy joys ſincere? thy hopes fulfill'd
Or fruſtrate? Here commit thy ſecret griefs
To faithful ears, and be they bury'd here
In friendſhip and oblivion, leſt they ſpoil
Thy newborn pleaſures with diſtaſteful gall;
Nor let thine eye too greedily drink in
The frightful proſpect, when untimely death
Shall make wild inroads on a parent's heart,
And his dear offspring to the cruel grave
Are dragg'd in ſad ſucceſſion, while his ſoul
Is torn away piecemeal: thus dies the wretch
A various death, and frequent ere he quit
The theatre and make his exit final.

But if his deareſt half, his faithful mate,
Survive, and in the ſweeteſt ſaddeſt airs
Of love and grief approach with trembling hand
To cloſe his ſwimming eyes, what double pangs,
What racks, what twinges, rend his heart-ſtrings off
From the fair boſom of that fellow-dove
He leaves behind to mourn! what jealous cares
Hang on his parting ſoul to think his love
Expos'd to wild oppreſſion and the herd
Of ſavage men! So parts the dying turtle,

With ſobbing accents, with ſuch ſad regret,
Leaves his kind feather'd mate: the widow bird
Wanders in loneſome ſhades, forgets her food,
Forgets her life, or falls a ſpeedier prey
To talon'd falcons, and the crooked beak
Of hawks athirſt for blood———

PART II.

Or, *The bright viſion.*

Thus far the Muſe in unaccuſtom'd mood
And ſtrains unpleaſing to a lover's ear
Indulg'd a gloom of thought, and thus ſhe ſang
Partial; for Melancholy's hateful form
Stood by in ſable robe: the penſive Muſe
Survey'd the darkſome ſcenes of life, and ſought
Some bright relieving glimpſe, ſome cordial ray,
In the fair world of love; but while ſhe gaz'd
Delightful on the ſtate of twinborn ſouls
United bleſs'd the cruel ſhade apply'd
A dark long tube and a falſe tinctur'd glaſs
Deceitful, blending love and life at once
In darkneſs, chaos, and the common maſs
Of mis'ry: now Urania feels the cheat,
And breaks the hated optick in diſdain.
Swift vaniſhes the ſullen form, and lo
The ſcene ſhines bright with bliſs. Behold the place
Where miſchiefs never fly, cares never come
With wrinkled brow, nor anguiſh, nor diſeaſe,

Nor Malice forky-tongu'd. On this dear ſpot,
Mitio, my love would fix and plant thy ſtation,
To act thy part of life ſerene, and bleſs'd
With the fair conſort fitted to thy heart.
Sure 't is a viſion of that happy grove
Where the firſt authors of our mournful race
Liv'd in ſweet partnerſhip! one hour they liv'd,
But chang'd the taſted bliſs (imprudent pair!)
For ſin, and ſhame, and this waſte wilderneſs
Of briers, and nine hundred years of pain.
The wiſhing Muſe new dreſſes the fair garden
Amid this deſert world with budding bliſs,
And evergreens, and balms, and flow'ry beauties,
Without one dang'rous tree: there heav'nly dews
Nightly deſcend. ig ſhall impearl the graſs
And verdant herbage; drops of fragrancy
Sit trembling on the ſpires; the ſpicy vapours
Riſe with the dawn, and thro' the air diffus'd
Salute your waking ſenſes with perfume,
While vital fruits with their ambroſial juice
Renew life's purple flood and fountain pure
From vicious taint, and with your innocence
Immortalize the ſtructure of your clay.
On this new Paradiſe the cloudleſs ſkies
Shall ſmile perpetual, while the lamp of day
With flames unſully'd (as the fabled torch
Of Hymen) meaſures out your golden hours
Along his azure road. The nuptial moon

In milder rays ſerene ſhould nightly riſe
Fullorb'd, (if Heav'n and Nature will indulge
So fair an emblem) big with ſilver joys,
And ſtill forget her wane. The feather'd choir
Warbling their Maker's praiſe on early wing,
Or perch'd on ev'ning bough, ſhall join your worſhip,
Join your ſweet veſpers and the morning ſong.
O ſacred ſymphony! Hark, thro' the grove
I hear the ſound divine! I 'm all attention,
All ear, all ecſtaſy; unknown delight!
And the fair Muſe proclaims the heav'n below.
Not the ſeraphick minds of high degree
Diſdain converſe with men: again returning
I ſee th' ethereal hoſt on downward wing:
Lo! at the eaſtern gate young cherubs ſtand
Guardians, commiſſion'd to convey their joys
To earthly lovers. Go, ye happy pair,
Go taſte their banquet, learn the nobler pleaſures
Supernal, and from brutal dregs refin'd
Raphael ſhall teach thee, friend, exalted thoughts
And intellectual bliſs. 'Twas Raphael taught
The Patriarch of our progeny th' affairs
Of heav'n; (ſo Milton ſings, enlighten'd bard!
Nor miſs'd his eyes when in ſublimeſt ſtrain
The angel's great narration he repeats
To Albion's ſons high favour'd) thou ſhalt learn
Celeſtial leſſons from his awful tongue,
And with ſoft grace and interwoven loves

(Grateful digreſſion!) all his words rehearſe
To thy Chariſſa's ear, and charm her ſoul.
Thus with divine diſcourſe in ſhady bow'rs
Of Eden our firſt father entertain'd
Eve his ſole auditreſs, and deep diſpute,
With conjugal careſſes on her lip,
Solv'd eaſy, and abſtruſeſt thoughts reveal'd.
Now the day wears apace, now Mitio comes
From his bright tutor and finds out his mate.
Behold the dear aſſociates ſeated low
On humble turf with roſe and myrtle ſtrow'd,
But high their conference! How ſelf-ſuffic'd
Lives their Eternal Maker, girt around
With glories, arm'd with thunders, and his throne
Mortal acceſs forbids, projecting far
Splendours unſuff'rable and radiant death.
With rev'rence and abaſement deep they fall
Before his ſov'reign Majeſty to pay
Due worſhip; then his mercy on their ſouls
Smiles with a gentler ray, but ſov'reign ſtill,
And leads their meditation and diſcourſe
Long ages backward, and acroſs the ſeas
To Bethlehem of Judah: there the Son,
The filial Godhead, character expreſs
Of brightneſs inexpreſſible, laid by
His beamy robes, and made deſcent to earth.
Sprung from the ſons of Adam he became
A ſecond father, ſtudious to regain
Loſt Paradiſe for men and purchaſe heav'n.

The lovers with endearment mutual thus
Promiſcuous talk'd, and queſtions intricate
His manly judgment ſtill reſolv'd, and ſtill
Held her attention fix'd: ſhe muſing ſat
On the ſweet mention of incarnate Love,
Till rapture wak'd her voice to ſofteſt ſtrains.
" She ſang the Infant God, (myſterious theme!)
" How vile his birthplace and his cradle vile!
" The ox and aſs his mean companions; there
" In habit vile the ſhepherds flock around
" Saluting the great Mother, and adore
" Iſrael's anointed King, th' appointed Heir
" Of the creation. How debas'd he lies
" Beneath his regal ſtate, for thee, my Mitio,
" Debas'd in ſervile form; but angels ſtood
" Miniſt'ring round their charge with folded wings
" Obſequious, tho' unſeen, while lightſome hours
" Fulfill'd the day, and the gray ev'ning roſe:
" Then the fair guardians hov'ring o'er his head,
" Wakeful all night, drive the foul ſpirits far,
" And with their fanning pinions purge the air
" From buſy phantoms, from infectious damps
" And impure taint, while their ambroſial plumes
" A dewy ſlumber on his ſenſes ſhed.
" Alternate hymns the heav'nly watchers ſung
" Melodious, ſoothing the ſurrounding ſhades,
" And kept the darkneſs chaſte and holy: then

" Midnight was charm'd, and all her gazing eyes
" Wonder'd to ſee their mighty Maker ſleep.
" Behold the glooms diſperſe, the roſy Morn
" Smiles in the eaſt with eyelids op'ning fair,
" But not ſo fair as thine. O! I could fold thee,
" My young Almighty, my Creator-babe,
" For ever in theſe arms! for ever dwell
" Upon thy lovely form with gazing joy,
" And ev'ry pulſe ſhould beat ſeraphick love!
" Around my ſeat ſhould crowding cherubs come
" With ſwift ambition, zealous to attend
" Their Prince, and form a heav'n below the ſky.
" Forbear, Chariſſa, O forbear the thought
" Of female fondneſs, and forgive the man
" That interrupts ſuch melting harmony!"
Thus Mitio, and awakes her nobler pow'rs
To pay juſt worſhip to the ſacred King,
Jeſus the God, nor with devotion pure
Mix the careſſes of her ſofter ſex;
(Vain blandiſhment!) " Come, turn thine eyes aſide
" From Bethle'em, and climb up the doleful ſteep
" Of bloody Calvary, where naked ſculls
" Pave the ſad road and fright the traveller.
" Can my beloved bear to trace the feet
" Of her Redeemer panting up the hill
" Hard burden'd? can thy heart attend his croſs?
" Nail'd to the cruel wood he groans, he dies,
" For thee he dies! Beneath thy ſins and mine

" (Horrible load!) the ſinleſs Saviour groans,
" And in fierce anguiſh of his ſoul expires.
" Adoring angels pry with bending head,
" Searching the deep contrivance, and admire
" This infinite deſign. Here peace is made
" 'Twixt God the Sov'reign and the rebel man;
" Here Satan, overthrown with all his hoſts,
" In ſecond ruin rages and deſpairs;
" Malice itſelf deſpairs. The captive prey
" Long held in ſlav'ry hopes a ſweet releaſe,
" And Adam's ruin'd offspring ſhall revive,
" Thus ranſom'd from the greedy jaws of Death."
The fair diſciple heard; her paſſions move
Harmonious to the great diſcourſe, and breathe
Refin'd devotion, while new ſmiles of love
Repay her teacher. Both with bended knees
Read o'er the cov'nant of eternal life
Brought down to men, ſeal'd by the ſacred Three
In heav'n, and ſeal'd on earth with God's own blood:
Here they unite their names again and ſign
Thoſe peaceful articles. (Hail, bleſs'd coheirs
Celeſtial! ye ſhall grow to manly age,
And ſpite of earth and hell in ſeaſon due
Poſſeſs the fair inheritance above.)
With joyous admiration they ſurvey
The goſpel treaſures infinite, unſeen
By mortal eye, by mortal ear unheard,
And unconceiv'd by thought, riches divine,

And honours, which th' almighty Father-God
Pour'd with immenſe profuſion on his Son,
High-treaſurer of heav'n. The Son beſtows
The life, the love, the bleſſing, and the joy,
On bankrupt mortals who believe and love
His name. "Then my Chariſſa all is thine;"
"And thine, my Mitio, the fair ſaint replies.
"Life, death, the world below, and worlds on high,
"And place and time are ours, and things to come,
"And paſt and preſent, for our int'reſt ſtands
"Firm in our myſtick Head, the title ſure.
"'Tis for our health and ſweet refreſhment, while
"We ſojourn ſtrangers here, the fruitful earth
"Bears plenteous, and revolving ſeaſons ſtill
"Dreſs her vaſt globe in various ornament:
"For us this cheerful ſun and cheerful light
"Diurnal ſhine; this blue expanſe of ſky
"Hangs a rich canopy above our heads
"Covering our ſlumbers, all with ſtarry gold
"Inwrought, when night alternates her return:
"For us Time wears his wings out, Nature keeps
"Her wheels in motion, and her fabrick ſtands.
"Glories beyond our ken of mortal ſight
"Are now preparing, and a manſion fair
"Awaits us where the ſaints unbody'd live,
"Spirits releas'd from clay and purg'd from ſin:
"Thither our hearts with moſt inceſſant wiſh
"Panting aſpire; when ſhall that deareſt hour

" Shine and releaſe us hence and bear us high,
" Bear us at once unſever'd to our better home!"
O bleſs'd connubial ſtate! O happy pair,
Envy'd by yet unſociated ſouls
Who ſeek their faithful twins! Your pleaſures riſe
Sweet as the morn, advancing as the day,
Fervent as glorious noon, ſerenely calm
As ſummer ev'nings. The vile ſons of earth
Grov'ling in duſt, with all their noiſy jars
Reſtleſs, ſhall interrupt your joys no more
Than barking animals affright the moon
Sublime, and riding in her midnight way.
Friendſhip and love ſhall undiſtinguiſh'd reign
O'er all your paſſions with unrivall'd ſway,
Mutual and everlaſting: friendſhip knows
No property in good, but all things common
That each poſſeſſes, as the light or air
In which we breathe and live: there's not one thought
Can lurk in cloſe reſerve, no barriers fix'd,
But ev'ry paſſage open as the day
To one another's breaſt and inmoſt mind.
Thus by communion your delight ſhall grow,
Thus ſtreams of mingled bliſs ſwell higher as they flow,
Thus angels mix their flames and more divinely glow.

PART III.

Or, *The account balanced.*

I.

Should sov'reign Love before me ſtand
With all his train of pomp and ſtate,
And bid the daring Muſe relate
His comforts and his cares,
Mitio, I would not aſk the ſand
For metaphors t' expreſs their weight,
Nor borrow numbers from the ſtars.
Thy cares and comforts, ſov'reign Love,
Vaſtly outweigh the ſand below,
And to a larger audit grow
Than all the ſtars above.
Thy mighty loſſes and thy gains
Are their own mutual meaſures;
Only the man that knows thy pains
Can reckon up thy pleaſures.

II.

Say, Damon, ſay how bright the ſcene,
Damon is half divinely bleſt,
Leaning his head on his Florella's breaſt
Without a jealous thought or buſy care between;
Then the ſweet paſſions mix and ſhare,
Florella tells thee all her heart,

Nor can thy ſoul's remoteſt part
Conceal a thought or wiſh from the beloved fair.
Say what a pitch thy pleaſures fly
When friendſhip all ſincere grows up to ecſtaſy,
Nor ſelf contracts the bliſs nor vice pollutes the joy;
While thy dear offspring round thee ſit,
Or ſporting innocently at thy feet,
Thy kindeſt thoughts engage;
Thoſe little images of thee,
What pretty toys of youth they be,
And growing props of age!

III.

But ſhort is earthly bliſs! the changing wind
Blows from the ſickly ſouth, and brings
Malignant fevers on its ſultry wings;
Relentleſs Death ſits cloſe behind:
Now gaſping infants and a wife in tears
With piercing groans ſalutes his ears,
Thro' ev'ry vein the thrilling torments roll,
While ſweet and bitter are at ſtrife
In thoſe dear miſeries of life,
Thoſe tend'reſt pieces of his bleeding ſoul.
The pleaſing ſenſe of love a while,
Mixt with the heart-ach, may the pain beguile,
And make a feeble fight,
Till ſorrows like a gloomy deluge riſe,
Then ev'ry ſmiling paſſion dies,
And hope alone with wakeful eyes,
Darkling and ſolitary, waits the ſlow returning light.

IV.

Here then let my ambition reſt,
May I be moderately bleſt
When I the laws of love obey:
Let but my pleaſure and my pain
In equal balance ever reign,
Or mount by turns and ſink again,
And ſhare juſt meaſures of alternate ſway.
So Damon lives and ne'er complains;
Scarce can we hope diviner ſcenes
On this dull ſtage of clay:
The tribes beneath the northern Bear
Submit to darkneſs half the year
Since half the year is day.

On the death of the Duke of Glouceſter juſt after Mr. Dryden, 1700.

An epigram.

Dryden is dead; Dryden alone could ſing
The full grown glories of a future king.
Now Glo'ſter dies: thus leſſer heroes live
By that immortal breath that poets give,
And ſcarce ſurvive the Muſe, but William ſtands,
Nor aſks his honours from the poet's hands:
William ſhall ſhine without a Dryden's praiſe;
His laurels are not grafted on the bays.

An epigram of Martial to Cirinus.

Sic tua, Cirini, promas epigrammata vulgo
Ut mecum poſſis, &c.

Inſcribed to Mr. Joſiah Hort, 1694.

Now Lord Biſhop of Kilmore in Ireland.

So ſmooth your numbers, friend, your verſe ſo ſweet,
So ſharp the jeſt, and yet the turn ſo neat,
That with her Martial Rome would place Cirine,
Rome would prefer your ſenſe and thought to mine.
Yet modeſt you decline the publick ſtage
To fix your friend alone amidſt th' applauding age;
So Maro did: the mighty Maro ſings
In vaſt heroick notes of vaſt heroick things,
And leaves the ode to dance upon his Flaccus' ſtrings.
He ſcorn'd to daunt the dear Horatian lyre,
Tho' his brave genius flaſh'd Pindarick fire,
And at his will could ſilence all the Lyrick quire.
So to his Varius he reſign'd the praiſe
Of the proud buſkin and the tragick bays,
When he could thunder with a loftier vein,
And ſing of gods and heroes in a bolder ſtrain.
A handſome treat, a piece of gold, or ſo,
And compliments, will ev'ry friend beſtow.
Rarely a Virgil, a Cirine, we meet,
Who lays his laurels at inferiour feet,
And yields the tend'reſt point of honour, wit.

Epiſtola fratri ſuo dilecto, R. W. I. W. S. P. D.

RURSUM tuas, amande frater, accepi literas, eodem fortaſſe momento, quo meæ ad te pervenerunt; idemque qui te ſcribentem vidit dies, meum ad epiſtolare munus excitavit calamum; non inane eſt inter nos fraternum nomen, unicus enim ſpiritus nos intùs animat, agitque, et concordes in ambobus efficit motus: O utinam creſcat indies et vigeſcat mutua charitas! faxit Deus, ut amor ſui noſtra incendat et defæcet pectora, tunc etenim et alternis puræ amicitiæ flammis erga nos invicem divinum in modùm ardebimus; contemplemur Jeſum noſtrum, cœleſte illud et adorandum exemplar charitatis. Ille eſt

Qui quondam æterno delapſus ab æthere vultus
Induit humanos, ut poſſet corpore noſtras
(Heu miſeras!) ſufferre vices; ſponſoris obivit
Munia, et in ſeſe tabulæ maledicta minacis
Tranſtulit, et ſceleris pœnas hominiſque reatum.
Ecce jacet deſertus humi, diffuſus in herbam
Integer, innocuas verſus ſua ſidera palmas
Et placidum attollens vultum, nec ad oſcula Patris
Amplexus ſolitoſve; artus nudatus amictu
Sidereos, et ſponte ſinum patefactus ad iras
Numinis armati. Pater, hic infige * ſagittas,

† Job iv. 6.

" Hæc" ait " iratum ſorbebunt pectora ferrum,
" Abluat æthereus mortalia crimina ſanguis."
Dixit, et horrendum fremuêre tonitrua cœli
Infenſuſque Deus; (quem jam poſuiſſe paternum
Muſa queri vellet nomen, ſed et ipſa fragores
Ad tantos pavefacta ſilet.) Jam diſſilit æther,
Pandunturque fores, ubi duro carcere regnat,
Ira, et pœnarum theſauros mille coercet,
Inde ruunt gravidi veſano ſulphure nimbi,
Centupliciſque volant contorta volumina flammæ
In caput immeritum; diro hic ſub pondere preſſus
Reſtat compreſſos dumque ardens explicat artus.
Purpureo * veſtes tinctæ ſudore madeſcunt.
Nec tamen infando vindex regina labori
Segniùs incumbit, ſed laſſos increpat ignes
Acriter, et ſomno languentem ſuſcitat enſem ‡:
" Surge, age, divinum pete pectus, et imbue ſacro
" Flumine mucronem; vos hinc mea ſpicula latè
" Ferrea per totum diſpergite tormina Chriſtum,
" Immenſum tolerare valet: ad pondera pœnæ
" Suſtentanda hominem ſuffulciet incola numen.
" Et tu ſacra Decus Legum, violata tabella,
" Ebibe vindictam; vaſtâ ſatiabere cæde,
" Mortalis culpæ penſabit dedecus ingens
" Permiſtus deitate cruor."——————
Sic fata, immiti contorquet vulnera dextrâ

* Luke xxii. 44. ‡ Zech. xiii. 7.

Dilaniatque ſinus; ſancti penetralia cordis
Pandunter, ſævis avidus dolor involat alis,
Atque audax mentem ſcrutator, et ilia mordet;
Intereà Servator * ovat, victorque doloris
Eminet, illuſtri ‡ perfuſus membra cruore,
Exultatque miſer fieri; nam fortiùs illum
Urget Patris honos, et non vincenda voluptas
Servandi miſeros fontes; O nobilis ardor
Pœnarùm! O quid non mortalia pectora cogis
Durus amor? Quid non cœleſtia?

At ſubſidat phantaſia, vaneſcant imagines; neſcio quo me proripuit amens Muſa: volui quatuor lineas pedibus aſtringere, et ecce! numeri creſcunt in immenſum; dumque concitato genio laxavi fræna, vereor ne juvenilis impetus theologiam læſerit, et audax nimis imaginatio. Heri adlata eſt ad me epiſtola indicans matrem meliuſculè ſe habere, licet ignis febrilis non prorſus deſeruit mortale ejus domicilium. Plura volui, ſed turgidi et creſcentes verſus noluêre plura, et coarctârunt ſcriptionis limites. Vale, amice frater, et in ſtudio pietatis et artis medicæ ſtrenuus decurre.

Datum à Muſæo meo Londini, xvto kalend. Febr. anno Salutis CIↃIↃCXCIII.

* Col. ii. 15. ‡ Luke xxii. 24.

Fratris E. W. olim navigaturo, Sep. 30. 1691.

I Felix, pede proſpero
I frater, trabe pineâ
Sulces æquora cœrula
Pandas carbaſa flatibus
Quæ tutò reditura ſint.
Non te monſtra natantia
Ponti carnivoræ incolæ
Prædentur rate naufragâ.
Navis, tu tibi creditum
Fratrem dimidium mei
Salvum fer per inhoſpita
Ponti regna, per avios
Tractus, et liquidum chaos.
Nec te ſorbeat horrida
Syrtis, nec ſcopulus minax
Rumpat roboreum latus.
Captent mitia flamina
Antennæ; et Zephyri leves
Dent portum placidum tibi.
Tu, qui flumina, qui vagos
Fluctus oceani regis,
Et ſævum Boream domas,
Da fratri faciles vias,
Et fratrem reducem ſuis.

Ad Reverendum Virum Dm Johannem Pinhorne, Fidum adoleſcentiæ meæ præceptorem.

Pindarici carminis ſpecimen, 1694.

I.

Et te, Pinorni, Muſa Triſantica
Salutat, ardens diſcipulam tuam
Gratè fateri: nunc Athenas,
Nunc Latias per amœnitates
Tutò pererrans te recolit ducem,
Te quondam teneros et Ebraia per aſpera greſſus
Non durâ duxiſſe manu.
Tuo pateſcunt lumine Theſpii
Campi atque ad arcem Pieridûm iter:
En altus aſſurgens Homerus
Arma deoſque viroſque miſcens
Occupat æthereum Parnaſſi culmen: Homeri
Immenſos ſtupeo manes———
Te, Maro, dulcè canens ſylvas, te bella ſonantem
Ardua, da veniam tenui venerare camœnâ:
Tuæque accipias, Thebane vates,
Debita thura lyræ.
Vobis, magna Trias! clariſſima nomina, ſemper
Scrinia noſtra patent, et pectora noſtra patebunt,
Quum mihi cunque levem conceſſerit otia et horam
Divina Moſis pagina.

II.

Flaccus ad hanc Triadem ponatur, at ipſe pudendas
Deponat veneres: venias, ſed * "purus et inſons

* Horat. lib. i. ſat. 6.

" Ut te collaudem, dum fordes et mala luſtra"
Ablutus, Venuſine, canis rideſve. Reciſæ
Hàc lege accedant Satyræ Juvenalis, amari
Terrores vitiorum. At longè cæcus abeſſet
Perſius, obſcurus vates, niſi lumina circum-
fuſa forent, Sphingiſque ænigmata, Bonde, ſcidiſſes.
Grande ſonans Senecæ fulmen, grandiſque cothurni
Pompa Sophoclei celſo ponantur eodem
Ordine, et ambabus ſimul hos amplectar in ulnis.
Tutò, poetæ, tutò habitabitis
Pictos abacos: improba tinea
Obiit, nec audet ſæva caſtas
Attingere blatta camœnas.
At tu renidens fœda epigrammatum
Farrago inertûm, ſtercoris impii
Sentina fœtens, Martialis,
In barathrum relegandus imum
Aufuge, et hinc tecum rapias Catullum
Inſulſè mollem, naribus, auribus
Ingrata caſtis carmina, et improbi
Spurcos Naſonis amores.

III.

Nobilis extremâ gradiens Caledonis ab orâ
En Buchananus adeſt. Divini pſaltis imago
Jeſſiadæ ſalveto; potens ſeu Numinis iras
Fulminibus miſcere, ſacro vel lumine mentis
Fugare noctes, vel Citharæ ſono
Sedare fluctus pectoris.

Tu mihi hærebis comes ambulanti,
Tu domi aſtabis ſocius perennis,
Seu levi menſæ ſimul aſſidere
Dignabere, ſeu lecticæ
Mox recumbentis vigilans ad aurem
Aureos ſuadebis inire ſomnos
Sacra ſopitis ſuperinferens oblivia curis,
Stet juxtà Caſimirus *, huic nec parciùs ignem
Natura indulſit nec Muſa armavit alumnum
Sarbivium * rudiore lyrâ
Quanta Polonum levat aura cygnum?
Humana † linquens (en ſibi devii
Montes recedunt) luxuriantibus
Spatiatur in aëre pennis.
Seu tu fortè virum tollis ad æthera,
Cognatoſve thronos et patrium Polum
Viſurus conſurgis ovans,
Viſum fatigas, aciemque fallis,
Dum tuum à longè ſtupeo volatum
O non imitabilis ales.

IV.

Sarbivii ad nomen gelida incalet
Muſa, ſimul totus ferveſcere
Sentio, ſtellatas levis induor
Alas et tollor in altum.

* M. Caſimirus, Sarbiewſki poeta inſignis Polonis.
† Ode V. lib. ii.

Jam juga Zionis radens pede
Elato inter ſidera radens vertice
Longè deſpecto mortalia.
Quam juvat altiſonis volitare per æthera pennis,
Et ridere procul fallacia gaudia ſæcli
Terrellæ grandia inania,
Quæ mortale genus (heu male) deperit.
O curas hominum miſeras! Cano,
Et miſeras nugas diademata!
Ventoſæ ſortis ludibrium.
En mihi ſubſidunt terrenæ à pectore fæces,
Geſtit et effrænis divinum effundere carmen
Mens afflata Deo———————
——At vos heroes et arma
Et procul eſte Dii, ludiçra numina.
Quid mihi cum veſtræ pondere lanceæ,
Pallas! aut veſtris, Dionyſe, Thyrſis?
Et clava, et anguis, et leo, et Hercules,
Et brutum tonitru fictitii patris,
Abſtate carmine noſtro.

V.

Te, Deus Omnipotens! te noſtra ſonabit Jeſu
Muſa, nec aſſueto cœleſtes barbiton auſû
Tentabit numeros. Vaſti ſine limite Numen et
Immenſum ſine lege Deum numeri ſine lege ſonabunt.

" Sed Muſam magna pollicentem deſtituit vigor;
" divino jubare perſtringitur oculorum acies. En la-

"baſcit pennis, tremit artubus, ruit deorſum per inane
"ætheris, jacet victa, obſtupeſcit, ſilet.
"Ignoſcas, Reverendi Vir, vano conamini; frag-
"menhoe rude licet et impolitum æqui boni conſulas,
"et gratitudinis jam diu debitæ in partem reponas."

Volum, ſeu vita in terris beata.

Ad virum digniſſimum Johannem Hartoppium, Baronetum, 1702.

I.

HARTOPPI eximo ſtemmate nobilis
Venaque ingenii divite, ſi roges
Quem mea Muſa beat,
Ille mihi felix ter et ampliùs,
Et ſimiles ſuperis annos agit
"Qui ſibi ſufficiens ſemper adeſt ſibi."
Hunc longè à curis mortalibus
Inter agros, ſylvaſque filentes
Et Muſiſque ſuis tranquillâ in pace fruentem
Sol oriens videt et recumbens.

II.

Non ſuæ vulgi favor inſolentis
(Plauſus infani tumidus popelli)
Mentis ad ſacram penetrabit arcem,
Feriat licèt æthera clamor.
Nec Gaza flammans divitis Indiæ,
Nçc, Tage, veſtræ fulgor arenulæ

Ducent ab obſcurâ quiete
Ad laquear radiantis aulæ.

III.

O ſi daretur ſtamina proprii
Tractare fuſi pollice proprio,
Atque meum mihi fingere fatum;
Candidus vitæ color innocentis
Fila nativo decoraret albo
Non Tyriâ vitiata conchâ.
Non aurum, non gemma nitens, nec purpurâ telæ
Intertexta forent invidioſa meæ.
Longè à triumphis, et ſonitu tubæ
Longè remotos tranſigerem dies:
Abſtate faſces (ſplendida vanitas)
Et vos abſtate, coronæ.

IV.

Pro meo tecto caſa ſit, ſalubres
Captet auroras, procul urbis atro
Diſtet à fumo, fugiatque longè
Dura phthiſis mala, dura tuſſis.
Diſplicet Byrſa et fremitu moleſto
Turba mercantûm; gratiùs alvear
Demulcet aures murmure, gratius
Fons ſalientis aquæ.

V.

Litigioſa fori me terrent jurgia, lenes
Ad ſylvas properans rixoſas execror artes
Eminus in tuto à linguis——

Blandimenta artis simul æquus odi,
Valete, cives, et amœna fraudis
Verba; proh mores! et inane sacri
Nomen amici!

VI.

Tuque quæ nostris inimica Musis
Felle sacratum vitias amorem,
Absis æternùm, diva libidinis
Et pharetrate puer!
Hinc, hinc, Cupido, longiùs avola?
Nil mihi cum fœdis, puer, ignibus;
Ætherea fervent face pectora,
Sacra mihi Venus est Urania,
Et juvenis Jessæus amor mihi.

VII.

Cœleste carmen (nec taceat lyra
Jessæa) lætis auribus insonet,
Nec Watsianis è medullis
Ulla dies rapiet vel hora.
Sacri libelli, deliciæ meæ,
Et vos, sodales, semper amabiles,
Nunc simul adsitis, nunc viciſſim;
Et fallite tædia vitæ.

To Mrs. Singer, (now Mrs. Rowe),

On the ſight of ſome of her divine poems, never printed.
July 19. 1706.

I.

On the fair banks of gentle Thames
I tun'd my harp, nor did celeſtial themes
Refuſe to dance upon my ſtrings:
There beneath th' ev'ning ſky
I ſung my cares aſleep, and rais'd my wiſhes high
To everlaſting things.
Sudden from Albion's weſtern coaſt
Harmonious notes come gliding by;
The neighb'ring ſhepherds knew the ſilver ſound;
"'Tis Philomela's voice," the neighb'ring ſhepherds cry.
At once my ſtrings all ſilent lie,
At once my fainting Muſe was loſt,
In the ſuperiour ſweetneſs drown'd:
In vain I bid my tuneful pow'rs unite;
My ſoul retir'd and left my tongue:
I was all ear, and Philomela's ſong
Was all divine delight.

II.

Now be my harp for ever dumb,
My Muſe attempt no more: 'twas long ago
I bid adieu to mortal things,
To Grecian tales and wars of Rome;

'Twas long ago I broke all but th' immortal ſtrings:
Now thoſe immortal ſtrings have no employ
Since a fair angel dwells below
To tune the notes of heav'n and propagate the joy:
Let all my pow'rs with awe profound,
While Philomela ſings,
Attend the rapture of the ſound,
And my devotion riſe on her ſeraphick wings.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK III.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

An epitaph on King William III. of glorious memory,

Who died March 8th, 1701-2.

BENEATH theſe honours of a tomb
Greatneſs in humble ruin lies:
(How earth confines in narrow room
What heroes leave beneath the ſkies!)

2. Preſerve, O venerable Pile!
Inviolate thy ſacred truſt;
To thy cold arms the Britiſh iſle
Weeping commits her richeſt duſt.

3. Ye gentleſt miniſters of Fate
Attend the Monarch as he lies,
And bid the ſofteſt ſlumbers wait
With ſilken cords to bind his eyes.

4. Reſt his dear ſword beneath his head,
Round him his faithful arms ſhall ſtand;
Fix his bright enſigns on his bed,
The guards and honours of our land.

5. Ye ſiſter-arts of Paint and Verſe
Place Albion fainting by his ſide,
Her groans ariſing o'er the hearſe,
And Belgia ſinking when he dy'd.

6. High o'er the grave Religion ſet
In ſolemn gold, pronounce the ground
Sacred to bar unhallow'd feet,
And plant her guardian Virtues round.

7. Fair Liberty, in ſables dreſt,
Write his lov'd name upon his urn,
"William, the ſcourge of tyrants paſt
"And awe of princes yet unborn."

8. Sweet Peace his ſacred relicks keep
With olives blooming round her head,
And ſtretch her wings acroſs the deep
To bleſs the nations with the ſhade.

9. Stand on the pile immortal Fame,
Broad ſtars adorn thy brighteſt robe,
Thy thouſand voices ſound his name
In ſilver accents round the globe.

10. Flatt'ry ſhall faint beneath the ſound
While hoary Truth inſpires the ſong,
Envy grow pale and bite the ground,
And Slander gnaw her forky tongue.

11. Night and the Grave remove your gloom;
Darkneſs becomes the vulgar dead,
But Glory bids the royal tomb
Diſdain the horrours of a ſhade.

12. Glory with all her lamps ſhall burn
And watch the warriour's ſleeping clay
Till the laſt trumpet rouſe his urn
To aid the triumphs of the day.

On the ſudden death of Mrs. Mary Peacock.

An elegiack ſong, ſent in a letter of condolence to Mr. N. P. merchant at Amſterdam.

HARK! ſhe bids all her friends adieu,
Some angel calls her to the ſpheres,
Our eyes the radiant ſaint purſue
Thro' liquid teleſcopes of tears.

2. Farewell, bright ſoul! a ſhort farewell
Till we ſhall meet again above
In the ſweet groves where pleaſures dwell
And trees of life bear fruits of love.

3. There glory ſits on ev'ry face,
There friendſhip ſmiles in ev'ry eye,
There ſhall our tongues relate the grace
That led us homeward to the ſky.

4. O'er all the names of Chriſt our King
Shall our harmonious voices rove,
Our harps ſhall ſound from ev'ry ſtring
The wonders of his bleeding love.

5. Come, Sov'reign Lord, dear Saviour! come,
Remove theſe ſeparating days,
Send thy bright wheels to fetch us home;
That golden hour how long it ſtays!

6. How long muſt we lie ling'ring here
While ſaints around us take their flight?
Smiling they quit this duſky ſphere
And mount the hills of heav'nly light.

7. Sweet ſoul! we leave thee to thy reſt,
Enjoy thy Jeſus and thy God
Till we from bands of clay releaſt
Spring out and climb the ſhining road.
8. While the dear duſt ſhe leaves behind
Sleeps in thy boſom ſacred tomb!
Soft be her bed, her ſlumbers kind,
And all her dreams of joy to come.

Epitaphium viri venerabilis Dom. N. Mather.

Carmine lapidario conſcriptum, M. S.
Reverendi admodum viri.

NATHANÆLIS MATHERI.

Quod mori potuit hic ſubtus depoſitum eſt,
Si quæris, hoſpes, quantus et qualis fuit,
Fidus enarrabit lapis.
Nomen à familiâ duxit
Sanctioribus ſtudiis evangelio devotâ,
Et per utramque Angliam celebri,
Americanam ſc. atque Europæam.
Et hinc quoque in ſancti miniſterii ſpem eductus
Non-fallacem:
Et hunc utraque novit Anglia
Doctum et docentem.
Corpore fuit procero, formâ placidè verendâ;
At ſupra corpus et formam ſublimè eminuerunt
Indoles, ingenium, atque eruditio:

Supra hæc pietas, et (si fas dicere)
Supra pietatem modestia,
Cæteras enim dotes obumbravit.
Quoties in rebus divinis peragendis
Divinitus afflatæ mentis specimina
Præstantiora edidit,
Toties hominem sedulus occuluit
Ut solus conspiceretur Deus:
Voluit totus latere, nec potuit;
Heu quantum tamen sui nos latet!
Et majorem laudis partem sepulchrale marmor
Invito obruit silentio.
Gratiam Jesu Christi salutiferam
Quam abundè hausit ipse, aliis propinavit,
Puram ab humanâ fæce.
Veritatis evangelicæ decus ingens,
Et ingens propugnaculum.
Concionator gravis aspectu, gestu, voce;
Cui nec aderat pompa oratoria,
Nec deerat;
Flosculos rhetorices supervacaneos fecit
Rerum dicendarum Majestas, et Deus præsens.
Hinc arma militiæ fuæ non infelicia,
Hinc toties fugatus Satanas.
Et hinc victoriæ
Ab inferorum portis toties reportatæ.
Solers ille ferreis impiorum animis infigere
Altum et salutare vulnus:

Vulneratas idem tractare leniter solers,
Et medelam adhibere magis salutarem.
Ex defæcato cordis fonte
Divinis eloquiis affatim scatebant labia,
Etiam in familiari contubernio:
Spirabat ipse undique cœlestes suavitates,
Quasi oleo lætitiæ semper recèns delibutus,
Et semper supra socios;
Gratumque dilectissimi sui Jesu odorem
Quaquaversùs et latè diffudit.
Dolores tolerans supra fidem,
Ærumnæque heu quam assiduæ!
Invicto animo, victrice patientiâ
Varias curarum moles pertulit
Et in stadio et in metâ vitæ:
Quam ubi propinquam vidit,
Plerophoriâ fidei quasi curru alato vectus
Properè et exultim attigit.
Natus est in agro Lancastrienſi 20° Martii 1630.
Inter Nov-Anglos Theologiæ tyrocinia fecit.
Pastorali munere diu Dublinii in Hibernia functus,
Tandem (ut semper) Providentiam secutus ducem,
Cœtui fidelium apud Londinenses præpositus est,
Quos doctrinâ, precibus, et vitâ beavit:
Ah brevi!
Corpore solutus 26° Julii 1697. Ætat 67.
Ecclesiis mœrorem, theologis exemplar reliquit.
Probis piisque omnibus

Insandum sui desiderium:
Dum pulvis Christo charus hic dulcè dormit
Expectans stellam matutinam. 74

To the Reverend Mr. John Shower, on the death of his daughter Mrs. Anne Warner.

Reverend and dear Sir,

How great soever was my sense of your loss, yet I did not think myself fit to offer any lines of comfort; your own meditations can furnish you with many a delightful truth in the midst of so heavy a sorrow, for the covenant of grace has brightness enough in it to gild the most gloomy providence, and to that sweet covenant your soul is no stranger. My own thoughts were much impressed with the tidings of your daughter's death; and though I made many a reflection on the vanity of mankind in its best estate, yet I must acknowledge that my temper leads me most to the pleasant scenes of heaven and that future world of blessedness. When I recollect the memory of my friends that are dead, I frequently rove into the world of spirits and search them out there: thus I endeavoured to trace Mrs. Warner, and these thoughts crowding fast upon me I set them down for my own entertainment. The verse breaks off abruptly, because I had no design to write a finished elegy; and besides, when I was fallen upon the dark side of death I had

no mind to tarry there. If the lines I have written be ſo happy as to entertain you a little and divert your grief, the time ſpent in compoſing them ſhall not be reckoned among my loſt hours, and the review will be more pleaſing to, Sir,

Dec. 22. 1707. Your affectionate humble ſervant,

I. W.

An elegiack thought on Mrs. Anne Warner, who died of the ſmallpox December 18. 1707, *at one of the clock in the morning, a few days after the birth and death of her firſt child.*

AWAKE my Muſe, range the wide world of ſouls,
And ſeek Vernera fled; with upward aim
Direct thy wing, for ſhe was born from heav'n,
Fulfill'd her viſit, and return'd on high.
The midnight watch of angels that patrole
The Britiſh ſky have notic'd her aſcent
Near the meridian ſtar; purſue the track
To the bright confines of immortal day
And Paradiſe her home. Say, my Urania,
(For nothing ſcapes thy ſearch, nor canſt thou miſs
So fair a ſpirit) ſay, beneath what ſhade
Of amaranth or cheerful evergreen
She ſits, recounting to her kindred minds
Angelick or human her mortal toil

And travels thro' this howling wilderneſs;
By what divine protections ſhe eſcap'd
Thoſe deadly ſnares when youth and Satan leagu'd
In combination to aſſail her virtue;
(Snares ſet to murder ſouls) but Heav'n ſecur'd
The fav'rite nymph and taught her victory.
Or does ſhe ſeek or has ſhe found her babe
Amongſt the infant nation of the bleſs'd,
And claſp'd it to her ſoul to ſatiate there
The young maternal paſſion, and abſolve
The unfulfill'd embrace? Thrice happy child!
That ſaw the light, and turn'd its eyes aſide
From our dim regions to th' eternal ſun
And led the parent's way to glory! there
Thou art for ever her's, with pow'rs enlarg'd
For love reciprocal and ſweet converſe.
Behold her anceſtors, (a pious race)
Rang'd in fair order, at her ſight rejoice
And ſing her welcome. She along their ſeats
Gliding ſalutes them all with honours due,
Such as are paid in heav'n; and laſt ſhe finds
A manſion faſhion'd of diſtinguiſh'd light
But vacant: "This," with ſure preſage ſhe cries,
"Awaits my father, when will he arrive?
"How long, alas how long!" then calls her mate,
"Die, thou dear partner of my mortal cares!
"Die and partake my bliſs; we are for ever one."
Ah me! where roves my fancy! what kind dreams

Crowd with sweet violence on my waking mind!
Perhaps illusions all! Inform me Muse;
Chuses she rather to retire apart
To recollect her dissipated pow'rs
And call her thoughts her own; so lately freed
From earth's vain scenes, gay visits, gratulations,
From Hymen's hurrying and tumultuous joys,
And fears and pangs, fierce pangs, that wrought her
Tell me on what sublimer theme she dwells [death?
In contemplation, with unerring clue
Infinite truth pursuing. (When, my soul!
O when shall thy release from cumbrous flesh
Pass the great seal of Heav'n? what happy hour
Shall give thy thoughts a loose to soar and trace
The intellectual world? divine delight
Vernera's joy'd employ!) Perhaps she sings
To some new golden harp th' almighty deeds,
The names, the honours, of her Saviour God,
His cross, his grave, his vict'ry, and his crown:
Oh could I imitate th' exalted notes,
And mortal ears could bear them——

Or lies she now before th' eternal throne,
Prostrate in humble form, with deep devotion
O'erwhelm'd and self-abasement, at the sight
Of the uncover'd Godhead face to face?
Seraphick crowns pay homage at his feet,
And her's amongst them, not of dimmer ore,
Nor set with meaner gems; but vain ambition,

And emulation vain, and fond conceit,
And pride, for ever banish'd flies the place,
Curs'd pride, the dress of hell. Tell me, Urania,
How her joys heighten, and her golden hours
Circle in love. O stamp upon my soul
Some blissful image of the fair deceas'd,
To call my passions and my eyes aside
From the dear breathless clay, distressing sight!
Hook, and mourn, and gaze, with greedy view
Of melancholy fondness; tears bedewing
That form so late desir'd, so late beloved,
Now loathsome and unlovely. Base disease
That leagu'd with nature's sharpest pains, and spoil'd
So sweet a structure! the impoisoning taint
O'erspreads the building wrought with skill divine,
And ruins the rich temple to the dust.
Was this the countenance where the world admir'd
Features of wit and virtue? this the face
Where love triumph'd? and Beauty on these cheeks
As on a throne beneath her radiant eyes
Was seated to advantage, mild, serene,
Reflecting rosy light! So sits the sun,
(Fair eye of heav'n!) upon a crimson cloud
Near the horizon, and with gentle ray
Smiles lovely round the sky, till rising fogs,
Portending night, with foul and heavy wing
Involve the golden star, and sink him down
Oppress'd with darkness——

On the death of an aged and honoured relative, Mrs. M. W.
July 13, 1693.

I.

I Know the kindred mind; 't is she, 't is she;
Among the heav'nly forms I see
The kindred mind from fleshly bondage free;
O how unlike the thing was lately seen
Groaning and panting on the bed,
With ghastly air and languish'd head,
Life on this side, there the dead,
While the delaying flesh lay shivering between!

II.

Long did the earthy house restrain
In toilsome slav'ry that ethereal guest,
Prison'd her round in walls of pain,
And twisted cramps and aches with her chain,
Till by the weight of num'rous days oppress
The earthy house began to reel,
The pillars trembled, and the building fell;
The captive soul became her own again:
Tir'd with the sorrows and the cares,
A tedious train of fourscore years,
The pris'ner smil'd to be releast,
She felt her fetters loose and mounted to her rest.

III.

Gaze on my soul, and let a perfect view
Paint her idea all anew;——

Raſe out thoſe melancholy ſhapes of woe
That hang around thy mem'ry and becloud it ſo.
Come, Fancy, come with eſſences refin'd,
With youthful green and ſpotleſs white;
Deep be the tincture and the colours bright
T' expreſs the beauties of a naked mind.
Provide no glooms to form a ſhade;
All things above of vary'd light are made,
Nor can the heav'nly piece require a mortal aid;
But if the features too divine
Beyond the pow'r of fancy ſhine
Conceal th' inimitable ſtrokes behind a graceful ſhrine.

IV.

Deſcribe the ſaint from head to feet,
Make all the lines in juſt proportion meet;
But let her poſture be
Filling a chair of high degree;
Obſerve how near it ſtands to the almighty ſeat.
Paint the new graces of her eyes;
Freſh in her looks let ſprightly youth ariſe
And joys unknown below the ſkies.
Virtue that lives conceal'd below
And to the breaſt confin'd
Sits here triumphant on the brow,
And breaks with radiant glories thro'
The features of the mind.

Expreſs her paſſion ſtill the ſame,
But more divinely ſweet;
Love has an everlaſting flame,
And makes the work complete.

V.

The painter-Muſe with glancing eye
Obſerv'd a manly ſpirit nigh*
That death had long disjoin'd;
"In the fair tablet they ſhall ſtand
"United by a happier band,"
She ſaid, and fix'd her ſight and drew the manly mind.
Recount the years, my ſong, (a mournful round!)
Since he was ſeen on earth no more;
He fought in lower ſeas and drown'd,
But victory and peace he found
On the ſuperiour ſhore:
There now his tuneful breath in ſacred ſongs
Employs the European and the Eaſtern tongues.
Let the awful truncheon and the flute,
The pencil and the well-known lute,
Pow'rful numbers, charming wit,
And ev'ry art and ſcience, meet
And bring their laurels to his hand or lay them at his feet.

* My grandfather Mr. Thomas Watts had ſuch acquaintance with the mathematicks, painting, muſick, poeſy, &c. as gave him conſiderable eſteem among his contemporaries. He was commander of a ſhip of war 1656, and by blowing up of the ſhip in the Dutch war he was drowned in his youth.

VI.

'Tis done: what beams of glory fall
(Rich varnish of immortal art)
To gild the bright original!
'Tis done; the Muse has now perform'd her part.
Bring down the piece Urania from above,
And let my honour and my love
Dress it with chains of gold to hang upon my heart.

A funeral poem on the death of Thomas Gunston, Esq. presented to the Right Hon. the Lady Abney, Lady Mayoress of London.

MADAM, *July* 1701.

HAD I been a common mourner at the funeral of the dear gentleman deceased, I should have laboured after more of art in the following composition to supply the defect of nature, and to feign a sorrow; but the uncommon condescension of his friendship to me, the inward esteem I pay his memory, and the vast and tender sense I have of the loss, make all the methods of art needless, whilst natural grief supplies more than all.

I had resolved indeed to lament in sighs and silence, and frequently checked the too forward Muse, but the importunity was not to be resisted; long lines of sorrow flowed in upon me ere I was aware, whilst I took many a solitary walk in the garden adjoining to his seat at Newington, nor could I free myself from the crowd of melancholy ideas. Your Ladyship will find throughout the poem that the fair and unfinished

building which he had just raised for himself gave almost all the turns of mourning to my thoughts, for I pursue no other topicks of elegy than what my passion and my senses led me to.

The poem roves as my eyes and grief did from one part of the fabrick to the other; it rises from the foundation, salutes the walls, the doors and the windows, drops a tear upon the roof, and climbs the turret, that pleasant retreat where I promised myself many sweet hours of his conversation; there my song wanders amongst the delightful subjects divine and moral which used to entertain our happy leisure, and thence descends to the fields and the shady walks where I so often enjoyed his pleasing discourse; my sorrows diffuse themselves there without a limit; I had quite forgotten all scheme and method of writing till I correct myself, and rise to the turret again to lament that desolate seat. Now if the criticks laugh at the folly of the Muse for taking too much notice of the golden ball, let them consider that the meanest thing that belonged to so valuable a person still gave some fresh and doleful reflections; and I transcribe nature without rule, and represent Friendship in a mourning dress, abandoned to deepest sorrow, and with a negligence becoming wo unfeigned.

Had I designed a complete elegy, Madam, on your dearest brother, and intended it for publick view, I should have followed the usual forms of poetry, so far at least as to spend some pages on the character and

praiſes of the deceaſed, and thence have taken occaſion to call mankind to complain aloud of the univerſal and unſpeakable loſs; but I wrote merely for myſelf as a friend of the dead, and to eaſe my full ſoul by breathing out my own complaints: I knew his character and virtues ſo well that there was no need to mention them while I talked only with myſelf, for the image of them was ever preſent with me, which kept the pain at the heart intenſe and lively, and my tears flowing with my verſe.

Perhaps your Ladyſhip will expect ſome divine thoughts and ſacred meditations mingled with a ſubject ſo ſolemn as this is. Had I formed a deſign of offering it to your hands I had compoſed a more Chriſtian poem; but it was grief purely natural for a death ſo ſurpriſing that drew all the ſtrokes of it, and therefore my reflections are chiefly of a moral ſtrain. Such as it is your Ladyſhip requires a copy of it; but let it not touch your ſoul too tenderly, nor renew your own mournings. Receive it, Madam, as an offering of love and tears at the tomb of a departed friend, and let it abide with you as a witneſs of that affectionate reſpect and honour that I bore him: all which, as your Ladyſhip's moſt rightful due both by merit and by ſucceſſion, is now humbly offered by,

Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt hearty

and obedient ſervant,

I. WATTS.

To the dear memory of my honoured friend

Thomas Gunston, Esq.

Who died Nov. 11, 1700, when he had just finished his seat at Nevington.

Of blasted hopes and of short with'ring joys
Sing heav'nly Muse; try thine ethereal voice
In funeral numbers and a doleful song;
Gunston the just, the generous, and the young,
Gunston the friend, is dead. O empty name
Of earthly bliss! 'tis all an airy dream,
All a vain thought! our soaring fancies rise
On treach'rous wings, and hopes that touch the skies
Drag but a longer ruin thro' the downward air,
And plunge the falling joy still deeper in despair.
How did our souls stand flatter'd and prepar'd
To shout him welcome to the seat he rear'd!
There the dear man should see his hopes complete,
Smiling, and tasting ev'ry lawful sweet
That peace and plenty brings, while num'rous years
Circling delightful play'd around the spheres,
Revolving suns should still renew his strength,
And draw th' uncommon thread to an unusual length:
But hasty Fate thrusts her dread shears between,
Cuts the young life off, and shuts up the scene.
Thus airy pleasure dances in our eyes
And spreads false images in fair disguise

T' allure our ſouls, till juſt within our arms
The viſion dies, and all the painted charms
Fly quick away from the purſuing ſight
Till they are loſt in ſhades and mingle with the night.

Muſe, ſtretch thy wings, and thy ſad journey bend
To the fair fabrick that thy dying friend
Built nameleſs; 't will ſuggeſt a thouſand things
Mournful and ſoft as my Urania ſings.

How did he lay the deep foundations ſtrong,
Marking the bounds, and rear the walls along
Solid and laſting! there a num'rous train
Of happy Gunſtons might in pleaſure reign
While nations periſh and long ages run,
Nations unborn and ages unbegun;
Not time itſelf ſhould waſte the bleſs'd eſtate,
Nor the tenth race rebuild the ancient ſeat.
How fond our fancies are! the founder dies
Childleſs; his ſiſters weep and cloſe his eyes,
And wait upon his hearſe with never-ceaſing cries:
Lofty and ſlow it moves to meet the tomb,
While weighty ſorrow nods on ev'ry plume;
A thouſand groans his dear remains convey
To his cold lodging in a bed of clay,
His country's ſacred tears well wat'ring all the way.
See the dull wheels roll on the ſable road
But no dear ſon to attend the mournful load,
And fondly kind drop his young ſorrows there,
The father's urn bedewing with a filial tear.

O had he left us one behind to play
Wanton about the painted hall, and say
"This was my father's," with impatient joy
In my fond arms I'd clasp the smiling boy,
And call him my young friend; but awful Fate
Design'd the mighty stroke as lasting as 't was great.
And must this building then, this costly frame,
Stand here for strangers? must some unknown name
Possess these rooms, the labours of my friend?
Why were these walls rais'd for this hapless end?
Why these apartments all adorn'd so gay?
Why his rich fancy lavish'd thus away?
Muse, view the paintings, how the hov'ring light
Plays o'er the colours in a wanton flight,
And mingled shades wrought in by soft degrees
Give a sweet foil to all the charming piece!
But night, eternal night, hangs black around
The dismal chambers of the hollow ground,
And solid shades unmingled round his bed
Stand hideous; earthy fogs embrace his head,
And noisome vapours glide along his face
Rising perpetual. Muse, forsake the place,
Fly the raw damps of the unwholesome clay,
Look to his airy spacious hall, and say
"How has he chang'd it for a lonesome cave,
"Confin'd and crowded in a narrow grave!"
Th' unhappy house looks desolate and mourns,
And ev'ry door groans doleful as it turns;

The pillars languiſh, and each lofty wall
Stately in grief laments the maſter's fall:
In drops of briny dew the fabrick bears
His faint reſemblance and renews my tears:
Solid and ſquare it riſes from below;
A noble air without a gaudy ſhow
Reigns thro' the model and adorns the whole,
Manly and plain: ſuch was the builder's ſoul.
O how I love to view the ſtately frame,
That dear memorial of the beſt-lov'd name!
Then could I wiſh for ſome prodigious cave,
Vaſt as his ſeat and ſilent as his grave,
Where the tall ſhades ſtretch to the hideous roof,
Forbid the day and guard the ſunbeams off;
Thither my willing feet ſhould ye be drawn
At the gray twilight and the early dawn,
There ſweetly ſad ſhould my ſoft minutes roll
Numb'ring the ſorrows of my drooping ſoul.
But theſe are airy thoughts; ſubſtantial grief
Grows by thoſe objects that ſhould yield relief:
Fond of my woes I heave my eyes around,
My grief from ev'ry proſpect courts a wound,
Views the green gardens, views the ſmiling ſkies,
Still my heart ſinks and ſtill my cares ariſe;
My wand'ring feet round the fair manſion rove,
And there to ſooth my ſorrows I indulge my love.
Oft' have I laid the awful Calvin by
And the ſweet Cowley, with impatient eye

To see those walls, pay the sad visit there,
And drop the tribute of an hourly tear:
Still I behold some melancholy scene
With many a pensive thought and many a sigh be-
Two days ago we took th' ev'ning air, [tween.
I and my grief and my Urania there;
Say, my Urania, how the western sun
Broke from black clouds and in full glory shone
Gilding the roof, then dropt into the sea,
And sudden night devour'd the sweet remains of day:
Thus the bright youth just rear'd his shining head
From obscure shades of life and sunk among the dead.
The rising sun, adorn'd with all his light,
Smiles on these walls again; but endless night
Reigns uncontroll'd where the dear Gunston lies;
He's set for ever and must never rise.
Then why these smiles, unseasonable star!
These lightsome smiles, descending from afar
To greet a mourning house! in vain the day
Breaks thro' the windows with a joyful ray,
And marks a shining path along the floors,
Bounding th' ev'ning and the morning hours;
In vain it bounds 'em, while vast emptiness
And hollow silence reigns thro' all the place,
Nor heeds the cheerful change of Nature's face.
Yet Nature's wheels will on without control,
The sun will rise, the tuneful spheres will roll,
And the two nightly Bears walk round and watch
the pole.

See while I ſpeak high on her ſable wheel
Old Night advancing climbs the eaſtern hill;
Troops of dark clouds prepare her way; behold
How their brown pinions edg'd with ev'ning gold
Spread ſhadowing o'er the houſe and glide away,
Slowly purſuing the declining day:
O'er the broad roof they fly their circuit ſtill,
Thus days before they did and days to come they will;
But the black cloud that ſhadows o'er his eyes
Hangs there unmoveable and never flies:
Fain would I bid the envious gloom be gone;
Ah, fruitleſs wiſh! how are his curtains drawn
For a long ev'ning that deſpairs the dawn!

Muſe, view the turret: juſt beneath the ſkies
Loneſome it ſtands, and fixes my ſad eyes,
As it would aſk a tear. O ſacred ſeat!
Sacred to friendſhip! O divine retreat!
Here did I hope my happy hours t' employ,
And fed beforehand on the promis'd joy,
When weary of the noiſy Town my friend
From mortal cares retiring ſhould aſcend
And lead me thither. We alone would ſit,
Free and ſecure of all intruding feet;
Our thoughts ſhould ſtretch their longeſt wings and riſe,
Nor bound their ſoarings by the lower ſkies;
Our tongues ſhould aim at everlaſting themes,
And ſpeak what mortals dare of all the names
Of boundleſs joys and glories, thrones and ſeats,
Built high in heav'n for ſouls; we 'd trace the ſtreets

Of golden pavement, walk each bliſsful field,
And climb and taſte the fruits the ſpicy mountains yield;
Then would we ſwear to keep the ſacred road,
And walk right upwards to that bleſs'd abode;
We 'd charge our parting ſpirits there to meet,
There hand in hand approach th' almighty ſeat,
And bend our heads adoring at our Maker's feet.
Thus ſhould we mount on bold advent'rous wings
In high diſcourſe and dwell on heav'nly things,
While the pleas'd hours in ſweet ſucceſſion move
And minutes meaſur'd as they are above
By ever-circling joys and ever-ſhining love.
Anon our thoughts ſhou'd lower their lofty flight,
Sink by degrees, and take a pleaſing ſight,
A large round proſpect, of the ſpreading plain,
The wealthy river and his winding train,
The ſmoky city and the buſy men.
How we ſhould ſmile to ſee degen'rate worms
Laviſh their lives and fight for airy forms
Of painted honour, dreams of empty ſound,
Till Envy riſe and ſhoot a ſecret wound
At ſwelling Glory! ſtraight the bubble breaks,
And the ſcenes vaniſh as the man awakes;
Then the tall titles, inſolent and proud,
Sink to the duſt and mingle with the crowd.
Man is a reſtleſs thing ſtill vain and wild,
Lives beyond ſixty nor outgrows the child;
His hurrying luſts ſtill break the ſacred bound
To ſeek new pleaſures on forbidden ground,

And buy them all too dear. Unthinking fool!
For a ſhort dying joy to ſell a deathleſs ſoul!
'Tis but a grain of ſweetneſs they can ſow,
And reap the long ſad harveſt of immortal wo.
Another tribe toil in a diff'rent ſtrife,
And baniſh all the lawful ſweets of life
To ſweat and dig for gold, to hoard the ore,
Hide the dear duſt yet darker than before,
And never dare to uſe a grain of all the ſtore.
Happy the man that knows the value juſt
Of earthly things, nor is enſlav'd to duſt;
'Tis a rich gift the ſkies but rarely ſend
To fav'rite ſouls: then happy thou my friend,
For thou hadſt learnt to manage and command
The wealth that Heav'n beſtow'd with lib'ral hand;
Hence this fair ſtructure roſe, and hence this ſeat
Made to invite my not unwilling feet;
In vain 't was made! for we ſhall never meet
And ſmile, and love, and bleſs, each other here;
The envious tomb forbids thy face t' appear,
Detains thee, Gunſton! from my longing eyes,
And all my hopes lie bury'd where my Gunſton lies.
Come hither all ye tend'reſt ſouls that know
The heights of fondneſs and the depths of wo;
Young mothers who your darling babes have found
Untimely murder'd with a ghaſtly wound,
Ye frighted nymphs who on the bridal bed
Claſp'd in your arms your lovers cold and dead,

Come in the pomp of all your wild despair,
With flowing eyelids and disorder'd hair,
Death in your looks, come mingle grief with me,
And drown your little streams in my unbounded sea.
You sacred mourners of a nobler mould,
Born for a friend, whose dear embraces hold
Beyond all Nature's ties, you that have known
Two happy souls made intimately one,
And felt a parting stroke, 'tis you must tell
The smart, the twinges, and the racks, I feel:
This soul of mine that dreadful wound has borne,
Off from its side its dearest half is torn,
The rest lies bleeding, and but lives to mourn.
Oh, infinite distress! such raging grief
Should command pity and despair relief:
Passion methinks should rise from all my groans,
Give sense to rocks and sympathy to stones.
Ye dusky woods and echoing hills around
Repeat my cries with a perpetual sound;
Be all ye flow'ry vales with thorns o'ergrown,
Assist my sorrows and declare your own;
Alas! your lord is dead: the humble plain
Must ne'er receive his courteous feet again:
Mourn ye gay smiling meadows, and be seen
In wintry robes instead of youthful green,
And bid the brook that still runs warbling by
Move silent on and weep his useless channel dry.
Hither methinks the lowing herd should come,
And moaning turtles murmur o'er his tomb;

The oak ſhall wither, and the curling vine
Weep his young life out while his arms untwine
Their amorous folds, and mix his bleeding ſoul
with mine.
Ye ſtately elms, in your long order mourn *,
Strip off your pride to dreſs your maſter's urn;
Here gently drop your leaves inſtead of tears;
Ye elms, the rev'rend growth of ancient years,
Stand tall and naked to the bluſt'ring rage
Of the mad winds; thus it becomes your age
To ſhew your ſorrows: often ye have ſeen
Our heads reclin'd upon the riſing green;
Beneath your ſacred ſhade diffus'd we lay,
Here friendſhip reign'd with an unbounded ſway:
Hither our ſouls their conſtant off'rings brought,
The burthens of the breaſt and labours of the thought:
Our op'ning boſoms on the conſcious ground
Spread all the ſorrows and the joys we found,
And mingled ev'ry care; nor was it known
Which of the pains and pleaſures were our own;
Then with an equal hand and honeſt ſoul
We ſhare the heap, yet both poſſeſs the whole,
And all the paſſions there thro' both our boſoms roll:
By turns we comfort and by turns complain,
And bear and eaſe by turns the ſympathy of pain.
Friendſhip! myſterious thing, what magick pow'rs
Support thy ſway and charm theſe minds of ours?

* There was a long row of tall elms then ſtanding, where ſome years after the lower garden was made.

Bound to thy foot we boaſt our birthright ſtill,
And dream of freedom when we 'ave loſt our will
And chang'd away our ſouls: at thy command
We ſnatch new mis'ries from a foreign hand
To call them ours, and thoughtleſs of our eaſe
Plague the dear ſelf that we were born to pleaſe.
Thou tyranneſs of minds, whoſe cruel throne
Heaps on poor mortals ſorrows not their own,
As tho' our mother Nature could no more
Find woes ſufficient for each ſon ſhe bore,
Friendſhip divides the ſhares and lengthens out the ſtore:
Yet are we fond of thine imperious reign,
Proud of thy ſlav'ry, wanton in our pain,
And chide the courteous hand when Death diſſolves the chain.
Virtue, forgive the thought; the raving Muſe,
Wild and deſpairing, knows not what ſhe does,
Grows mad in grief, and in her ſavage hours
Affronts the name ſhe loves and ſhe adores.
She is thy vot'reſs too, and at thy ſhrine,
O ſacred Friendſhip! offer'd ſongs divine
While Gunſton liv'd, and both our ſouls were thine.
Here to theſe ſhades at ſolemn hours we came
To pay devotion with a mutual flame,
Partners in bliſs: ſweet lux'ry of the mind!
And ſweet the aids of ſenſe! each ruder wind
Slept in its caverns, while an ev'ning breeze
Fann'd the leaves gently ſporting thro' the trees;

The linnet and the lark their veſpers ſung,
And clouds of crimſon o'er th' horizon hung,
The ſlow-declining ſun with ſloping wheels
Sunk down the golden day behind the weſtern hills.
Mourn ye young gardens; ye unfiniſh'd gates,
Ye green encloſures and ye growing ſweets
Lament, for ye our midnight hours have known,
And watch'd us walking by the ſilent moon
In conference divine, while heav'nly fire
Kindling our breaſts did all our thoughts inſpire
With joys almoſt immortal; then our zeal
Blaz'd and burnt high to reach th' ethereal hill,
And love refin'd, like that above the poles,
Threw both our arms round one another's ſouls
In rapture and embraces. Oh, forbear,
Forbear, my ſong! this is too much to hear,
Too dreadful to repeat, ſuch joys as theſe
Fled from the earth for ever——
Oh for a gen'ral grief! let all things ſhare
Our woes that knew our loves: the neighb'ring air
Let it be laden with immortal ſighs,
And tell the gales that ev'ry breath that flies
Over theſe fields ſhould murmur and complain,
And kiſs the fading graſs and propagate the pain.
Weep all ye buildings, and the groves around
For ever weep; this is an endleſs wound
Vaſt and incurable. Ye buildings knew
His ſilver tongue, ye groves have heard it too:

At that dear ſound no more ſhall ye rejoice,
And I no more muſt hear the charming voice.
Wo to my drooping ſoul! that heav'nly breath
That could ſpeak life lies now congeal'd in death,
While on his folded lips, all cold and pale,
Eternal chains and heavy ſilence dwell.

Yet my fond hope would hear him ſpeak again,
Once more at leaſt, one gentle word, and then
Gunſton aloud I call: in vain I cry
Gunſton aloud, for he muſt ne'er reply:
In vain I mourn and drop theſe fun'ral tears;
Death and the grave have neither eyes nor ears.
Wand'ring I tune my ſorrows to the groves, [loves,
And vent my ſwelling griefs and tell the winds our
While the dear youth ſleeps faſt and hears them not:
He hath forgot me; in the lonely vault,
Mindleſs of Watts and friendſhip, cold he lies,
Deaf and unthinking clay.

But whither am I led? this artleſs grief
Hurries the Muſe on, obſtinate and deaf
To all the nicer rules, and bears her down
From the tall fabrick to the neighb'ring ground:
The pleaſing hours the happy moments paſt
In theſe ſweet fields reviving on my taſte
Snatch me away reſiſtleſs with impetuous haſte.
Spread thy ſtrong pinions once again my ſong,
And reach the turret thou haſt left ſo long:
O'er the wide roofs its lofty head it rears,
Long waiting our converſe, but only hears

The noisy tumults of the realms on high;
The winds salute it whistling as they fly,
Or jarring round the windows rattling show'rs
Lash the fair sides; above loud thunder roars;
But still the master sleeps, nor hears the voice
Of sacred friendship nor the tempest's noise:
An iron slumber sits on ev'ry sense;
In vain the heav'nly thunders strive to rouse it thence.
One labour more, my Muse, the golden sphere
Seems to demand: see thro' the dusky air
Downward it shines upon the rising moon,
And as she labours up to reach her noon
Pursues her orb with repercussive light,
And streaming gold repays the paler beams of night;
But not one ray can reach the darksome grave,
Or pierce the solid gloom that fills the cave
Where Gunston dwells in death. Behold it flames
Like some new meteor with diffusive beams
Thro' the mid heav'n, and overcomes the stars;
"So shines thy Gunston's soul above the spheres,"
Raphael replies, and wipes away my tears.
"We saw the flesh sink down with closing eyes,
"We heard thy grief shriek out, He dies, he dies!
"Mistaken grief! to call the flesh thy friend!
"On our fair wings did the bright youth ascend;
"All heav'n embrac'd him with immortal love
"And sung his welcome to the courts above;
"Gentle Ithuriel led him round the skies,
"The buildings struck him with immense surprise,

" The ſpires all radiant and the manſions bright,
" The roof high vaulted with ethereal light;
" Beauty and ſtrength on the tall bulwarks ſat
" In heav'nly diamond, and for ev'ry gate
" On golden hinges a broad ruby turns,
" Guards off the foe, and as it moves it burns;
" Millions of glories reign thro' ev'ry part;
" Infinite pow'r and uncreated art
" Stand here diſplay'd, and to the ſtranger ſhow
" How it outſhines the nobleſt feats below:
" The ſtranger fed his gazing pow'rs a while
" Tranſported, then with a regardleſs ſmile
" Glanc'd his eye downward thro' the cryſtal floor,
" And took eternal leave of what he built before."

Now, fair Urania! leave the doleful ſtrain;
Raphael commands, aſſume thy joys again:
In everlaſting numbers ſing, and ſay
" Gunſton has mov'd his dwelling to the realms of day,
" Gunſton the friend lives ſtill, and give thy groans away."

An elegy on Mr. Thomas Gouge.

To Mr. Arthur Shallet, merchant.

WORTHY SIR,

THE ſubject of the following elegy was high in your eſteem, and enjoyed a large ſhare of your affections: ſcarce doth his memory need the aſſiſtance of the Muſe to make it perpetual; but when ſhe can at once pay her honours to the venerable dead, and by this

addreſs acknowledge the favours ſhe has received from the living, it is a double pleaſure to,

Sir,

Your obliged humble ſervant, I. WATTS.

To the memory of the Rev. Mr. Thomas Gouge, who died Jan. 8. 1699-700.

I.

YE virgin-ſouls, whoſe ſweet complaint
Could teach Euphrates not to flow *,
Could Sion's ruin ſo divinely paint
Array'd in beauty and in woe,
Awake, ye virgin-ſouls, to mourn,
And with your tuneful ſorrows dreſs a prophet's urn.
O could my lips or flowing eyes
But imitate ſuch charming grief,
I 'd teach the ſeas and teach the ſkies
Wailings, and ſobs, and ſympathies,
Nor ſhould the ſtones or rocks be deaf;
Rocks ſhall have eyes and ſtones have ears
While Gouge's death is mourn'd in melody and tears.

II.

Heav'n was impatient of our crimes,
And ſent his miniſter of death
To ſcourge the bold rebellion of the times,
And to demand our prophet's breath:
He came commiſſion'd for the fates
Of awful Mead and charming Bates;
There he eſſay'd the vengeance firſt,
Then took a diſmal aim and brought great Gouge to duſt.

* Pſal. cxxxvii. Lam. i. 2, 3.

III.

Great Gouge to duſt! how doleful is the ſound!
How vaſt the ſtroke is, and how wide the wound!
Oh painful ſtroke, diſtreſſing death!
A wound unmeaſurably wide;
No vulgar mortal dy'd
When he reſign'd his breath.
The Muſe that mourns a nation's fall
Should wait at Gouge's funeral,
Should mingle majeſty and groans,
Such as ſhe ſings to ſinking thrones,
And in deep ſounding numbers tell
How Sion trembled when this pillar fell.
Sion grows weak and England poor:
Nature herſelf with all her ſtore
Can furniſh ſuch a pomp for Death no more.

IV.

The rev'rend man let all things mourn:
Sure he was ſome ethereal mind
Fated in fleſh to be confin'd
And order'd to be born.
His ſoul was of th' angelick frame;
The ſame ingredients and the mould the ſame
When the Creator makes a miniſter of flame.
He was all form'd of heav'nly things;
Mortals! believe what my Uranía ſings,
For ſhe has ſeen him riſe upon his flamy wings.

V.

How would he mount, how would he fly,
Up thro' the ocean of the sky
Tow'rd the celestial coast!
With what amazing swiftness soar
Till earth's dark ball was seen no more,
And all its mountains lost!
Scarce could the Muse pursue him with her sight;
But angels, you can tell,
For oft' you met his wondrous flight
And knew the stranger well;
Say how he past the radiant spheres
And visited your happy seats,
And trac'd the wellknown turnings of the golden
And walk'd among the stars. [streets,

VI.

Tell how he climb'd the everlasting hills,
Surveying all the realms above,
Borne on a strongwing'd faith, and on the fiery wheels
Of an immortal love.
'Twas there he took a glorious sight
Of the inheritance of saints in light,
And read their title in their Saviour's right.
How oft' the humble scholar came,
And to your songs he rais'd his ears
To learn th' unutterable name,
To view th' eternal base that bears
The new creation's frame.

The countenance of God he ſaw,
Full of mercy full of awe,
The glories of his pow'r and glories of his grace:
There he beheld the wondrous ſprings
Of thoſe celeſtial ſacred things,
The peaceful goſpel and the fiery law
In that majeſtick face;
That face did all his gazing pow'rs employ
With moſt profound abaſement and exalted joy.
The rolls of Fate were half unſeal'd,
He ſtood adoring by,
The volumes open'd to his eye,
And ſweet intelligence he held
With all his ſhining kindred of the ſky.

VII.

Ye ſeraphs that ſurround the throne
Tell how his name was thro' the palace known,
How warm his zeal was, and how like your own.
Speak it aloud, let half the nation hear,
And bold blaſphemers ſhrink and fear ‡.
Impudent tongues! to blaſt a Prophet's name!
The poiſon ſure was fetch'd from hell,
Where the old blaſphemers dwell,
To taint the pureſt duſt and blot the whiteſt fame.
Impudent tongues! you ſhould be darted thro',
Nail'd to your own black mouths, and lie
Uſeleſs and dead till Slander die,
Till Slander die with you.

‡ Tho' he was ſo great and good a man he did not eſcape cenſure.

VIII.

" We saw him," say the ethereal throng,
" We saw his warm devotions rise,
" We heard the fervour of his cries,
" And mix'd his praises with our song;
" We knew the secret flights of his retiring hours,
" Nightly he wak'd his inward pow'rs;
" Young Israel rose to wrestle with his God, [tow'rs
" And with unconquer'd force scal'd the celestial
" To reach the blessing down for those that sought
" Oft' we beheld the Thund'rer's hand [his blood.
" Rais'd high to crush the factious foe,
" As oft' we saw the rolling Vengeance stand
" Doubtful t' obey the dread command,
" While his ascending pray'r upheld the falling blow."

IX.

Draw the past scenes of thy delight
My Muse, and bring the wondrous man to sight;
Place him surrounded as he stood
With pious crowds, while from his tongue
A stream of harmony ran soft along,
And ev'ry ear drank in the flowing good:
Softly it ran its silver way
Till warm devotion rais'd the current strong,
Then fervid zeal on the sweet deluge rode,
Life, love, and glory, grace and joy,
Divinely roll'd promiscuous on the torrent flood,
And bore our raptur'd sense away and thoughts and souls to God.

O might we dwell for ever there,
No more return to breathe this groſſer air,
This atmoſphere of ſin, calamity, and care!

X.

But heav'nly ſcenes ſoon leave the ſight
While we belong to clay,
Paſſions of terrour and delight
Demand alternate ſway.
Behold the man whoſe awful voice
Could well proclaim the fiery law,
Kindle the flames that Moſes ſaw,
And ſwell the trumpet's warlike noiſe!
He ſtands the herald of the threat'ning ſkies;
Lo on his rev'rend brow the frowns divinely riſe,
All Sinai's thunder on his tongue and lightning in his eyes!
Round the high roof the curſes flew,
Diſtinguiſhing each guilty head,
Far from th' unequal war the Atheiſt fled,
His kindled arrows ſtill purſue,
His arrows ſtrike the Atheiſt thro',
And o'er his inmoſt pow'rs a ſhudd'ring horrour ſpread.
The marble heart groans with an inward wound;
Blaſpheming ſouls of harden'd ſteel
Shriek out amaz'd at the new pangs they feel,
And dread the echoes of the ſound:
The lofty wretch arm'd and array'd
In gaudy pride ſinks down his impious head,
Plunges in dark deſpair and mingles with the dead.

XI.

Now Muſe aſſume a ſofter ſtrain,
Now ſooth the ſinner's raging ſmart,
Borrow of Gouge the wondrous art
To calm the ſurging conſcience and aſſuage the pain.
He from a bleeding God derives
Life for the ſouls that guilt had ſlain,
And ſtraight the dying rebel lives,
The dead ariſe again.
The op'ning ſkies almoſt obey
His pow'rful ſong; a heav'nly ray
Awakes deſpair to light and ſheds a cheerful day.
His wondrous voice rolls back the ſpheres,
Recalls the ſcenes of ancient years,
To make the Saviour known;
Sweetly the flying charmer roves
Thro' all his labours and his loves,
The anguiſh of his croſs and triumphs of his throne.

XII.

Come, he invites our feet to try
The ſteep aſcent of Calvary,
And ſets the fatal tree before our eye:
See here celeſtial ſorrow reigns,
Rude nails and ragged thorns lay by,
Ting'd with the crimſon of redeeming veins.
In wondrous words he ſung the vital flood
Where all our ſins were drown'd,
Words fit to heal and fit to wound,
Sharp as the ſpear and balmy as the blood.

In his discourse divine
Afresh the purple fountain flow'd,
Our falling tears kept sympathetick time
And trickled to the ground,
While ev'ry accent gave a doleful sound,
Sad as the breaking heart-strings of th' expiring God.

XIII.

Down to the mansions of the dead
With trembling joy our souls are led,
The captives of his tongue;
There the dear Prince of Light reclines his head
Darkness and shades among;
With pleasing horrour we survey
The caverns of the tomb
Where the belov'd Redeemer lay,
And shed a sweet perfume.
Hark, the old earthquake roars again
In Gouge's voice, and breaks the chain
Of heavy death, and rends the tombs;
The rising God! he comes, he comes, [train!
With throngs of waking saints, a long triumphing

XIV.

See the bright squadrons of the sky
Downward on wings of joy and haste they fly,
Meet their returning Sov'reign and attend him high.
A shining car the Conq'ror fills
Form'd of a golden cloud
Slowly the pomp moves up the azure hills,
Old Satan foams and yells aloud,

And gnaws th' eternal braſs that binds him to the wheels:
The op'ning gates of bliſs receive their King,
The Father-God ſmiles on his Son,
Pays him the honours he has won,
The lofty thrones adore and little cherubs ſing.
Behold him on his native throne,
Glory ſits faſt upon his head;
Dreſs'd in new light and beamy robes
His hand rolls on the ſeaſons and the ſhining globes,
And ſways the living worlds and regions of the dead.

XV.

Gouge was his envoy to the realm below;
Vaſt was his truſt and great his ſkill,
Bright the credentials he could ſhow,
And thouſands own'd the ſeal.
His hallow'd lips could well impart
The grace, the promiſe, and command;
He knew the pity of Imanuel's heart
And terrours of Jehovah's hand.
How did our ſouls ſtart out to hear
The embaſſies of love he bare,
While ev'ry ear in rapture hung
Upon the charming wonders of his tongue!
Life's buſy cares a ſacred ſilence bound;
Attention ſtood with all her pow'rs,
With fixed eyes and awe profound,
Chain'd to the pleaſure of the ſound,
Nor knew the flying hours.

XVI.

But O my everlasting grief!
Heav'n has recall'd his envoy from our eyes,
Hence deluges of sorrows rise,
Nor hope th' impossible relief.
Ye remnants of the sacred tribe
Who feel the loss come share the smart,
And mix your groans with mine.
Where is the tongue that can describe
Infinite things with equal art
Or language so divine?
Our passions want the heav'nly flame,
Almighty love breathes faintly in our songs,
And awful threat'nings languish on our tongues.
Howe is a great but single name,
Amidst the crowd he stands alone,
Stands yet, but with his starry pinions on,
Dress'd for the flight and ready to be gone.
Eternal God! command his stay,
Stretch the dear months of his delays;
O we could wish his age were one immortal day!
But when the flaming chariot's come
And shining guards t'attend thy Prophet home,
Amidst a thousand weeping eyes
Send an Elisha down, a soul of equal size,
Or burn this worthless globe and take us to the skies.

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